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The Week

AT LAST Franklin D. Roosevelt's views on the bonus controversy have leaked into the open—not by a public statement or a campaign speech, but by a letter to one Dominick Di Lucco of Hartford, Connecticut. In reply to an inquiry from this correspondent, Mr. Roosevelt reminds him of an interview given shortly after the nomination, in which the candidate's position was stated. He advocates generous treatment of veterans who have suffered disability or disease resulting from actual service. But he does not believe the federal government ought to add any new expenses while it is in the red. He thinks expenditures can be cut 20 to 25 percent "by the elimination of unnecessary offices and overlapping functions of government. When this is done it will be time to consider additional expenditures from any surplus in the Treasury." This means, obviously, that Mr.

Roosevelt would oppose immediately cashing bonus certificates which are not due. But unless he makes his position much clearer in his Pittsburgh speech, he will be dodging the two most important questions implicit in the discussion. What does he propose to do for destitute veterans—and others? And what is his permanent attitude toward the growth of a class of dependent veterans with special and well nigh limitless claims on the national Treasury? Mr. Roosevelt may believe that this way of answering the challenge disposes of the charge that he has been wavering and indecisive on it for political purposes—since the statement in question was made months ago. But it does not remove the suspicion that he avoids headlining it in the hope of retaining the support of veterans who have been angered by Mr. Hoover, and his position itself is not a full answer to the question in the minds of both parties to the controversy.

THE new petition of economists to President Hoover, asking him to use his power under the flexible tariff provision to moderate the excessive rates of the Smoot-Hawley bill, will probably have no practical result except to strengthen the reputation of the experts against that of the supposedly practical and hard-headed, but really sentimental and muddled, business man. The economists, more than 1,000 of whom advised a veto of the bill in the first place, now have a beautiful chance to say, "I told you so." As they predicted, it has not helped, but has injured the American farmer, wage earner and manufacturer. In important, concrete cases—such as that of Canada—it has stimulated reprisals which have cut off millions of dollars' worth of exports, while its discouragement to imports has not enriched this country by a single dollar. If the voters' experience with this administration did nothing more than to discredit the economic quack-medicine of protection, a valuable lesson would have been learned. We doubt, however, the implication of the present petition that any influence of the President over the Tariff Commission could remedy much of the trouble. The Commission necessarily works slowly, dealing as it does with specific rates picked out of the thousands in the law. Moreover, it is instructed by the law to maintain rates intended to be protective in effect. No sensible tariff policy is possible on this basis.

STALIN is not and never has been a dictator in Russia, in the sense in which a Mussolini, a Horthy or a Primo de Rivera is a dictator. There has never been a time when the Communist party in the U.S.S.R. could not have deposed him and would not have done so if it had been dissatisfied with his actions. The interesting question at the moment is whether such a time may soon arrive. The expulsion of twenty-four members of the party, some of them well known, suggests that Russia is passing through a serious political crisis. Dissatisfaction with the food situation in the cities and the discontent of the peasant, who finds it difficult to exchange his agricultural products for manufactured goods, have strengthened the position of those groups in the Communist party which opposed the Stalin policies and which, since the banishment of Trotsky, have been almost inarticulate. In an open letter to the party membership, eighteen prominent Communists demanded Stalin's resignation as General Secretary, accusing him of having stifled democracy in its ranks and making him responsible for the alleged shortcomings of the Five Year Plan and the present crisis in the Soviet economy. They further charged him with having unnecessarily antagonized the peasant population.

THERE followed the expulsion of Gregory Zinoviev, once the all-powerful head of the Communist International, of Leo Kamenev, friend and intimate co-worker of Lenin and former chairman of the highly influential Polit-Bureau, of Uglanov, ex-Party Organizer of Moscow, a district comprising almost one third of Russia's party membership, and of twenty-one others whose names have not yet been published in this country. With the exception of Zinoviev and Kamenev, the accused, all of the prominent party members, were charged and found guilty by the Central Control Commission of counter-revolutionary conspiracy to overthrow the Soviets and reestablish capitalism. The former were arraigned for having failed to inform the party of the existence of the "counter-revolutionary plot." All these men belonged to either the Right or the Left-wing opposition groups and, though sharply critical of the Stalin policies, have always been faithful to the revolution and determined enemies of capitalist society. That the Control Commission should deem it necessary to discipline eminent Communists at a time when the workers' republic needs the intelligent direction and support of every revolutionist, shows to what extent dissatisfaction has permeated the party membership and wide circles of the general public.

CHANCELLOR von Papen's warning that Germans cannot pay their private foreign debts unless Germany is allowed to develop a sufficiently large export surplus, and that she cannot do that as long as protective tariffs and trade restrictions bar her products out of foreign countries, is a reminder that the settlement of the reparations issue was

just a beginning at the solution of the world's financial maze. Whatever action von Papen may have in mind, his words are simply the restatement of an economic truism. No nation ever made net capital payments to others, whether of interest or principal, except by means of a net excess of exports over imports, visible and invisible. Perhaps the greatest set of economic maladjustments caused by the War was the sudden change it brought about in the direction of capital movements. Germany, for instance, had an economy gradually built up on the basis of large foreign investments of her own, balanced by a surplus of imports to help sustain her manufacturing population and supply her industries with materials. The War and post-war periods changed her from a creditor nation to a great debtor. But it did not make easy the change of the physical and business factors necessary to convert her balance of trade from an import to an export basis. The consequent strain between financial factors on the one hand and trade factors on the other has never been released. The United States, be it noted, has the shoe on the other foot. We were changed by the War from a debtor to a creditor nation; yet we are still trying to maintain an export surplus. In both cases, either debts or trade must eventually give way.

ONE of the very few unfavorable reviews received by "The Good Earth" was written for The New Republic by Mr. Younghill Kang, a Korean. In the present issue, Mrs. Buck's latest novel is praised (with reservations) by Mr. Ch'ao-ting Chi, a Chinese from the province of Shansi. Mr. Kang based his review on the traditional standards of Confucianism; Mr. Chi is a Marxian; and it is interesting to compare their conflicting judgments. Thus, Mr. Kang asserts that the characters are falsified by the author's emphasis on romantic love, which reduces "all Confucian society to a laughable pandemonium." The hero could not possibly start out as a peasant and end as a member of the feudal nobility. None of Mrs. Buck's descriptions is correct, "except in minor details." Mr. Chi, on the other hand, sees nothing false in Mrs. Buck's description of the relation between the sexes in China, and nothing improbable in the rise of Wang Lung to riches. The characters, he says, "appear so real to me that I cannot resist the temptation to search for their prototypes among my acquaintances at home." But although he believes that "Sons" is a fine novel "and a not unworthy successor to 'The Good Earth,'" he has his own reservations to make: in her epic of the Chinese land, Mrs. Buck shows no understanding of the Chinese land system, or of the usury which enslaves the peasants. On one point only are Messrs. Kang and Chi in agreement: namely, that Mrs. Buck is limited by her missionary background. Curiously enough it is the Marxian critic, not the Confucian, who praises the author's style and emphasizes her use of the Chinese classics.

WHAT looks like important evidence in the Mooney-Billings case has recently come to light. In Portland, Oregon, a man has appeared who seems intelligent and a credible witness and says that on the day of the fatal bomb explosion in San Francisco, in 1916, he was hired by an individual in Oakland to take a suitcase across by ferry to San Francisco. He deposited this suitcase at the spot of the bomb explosion, shortly before it took place. This individual, Paul Callicotte, says that Mooney was not the man. His story was investigated by the editors of *The Portland Oregonian*, who for some curious reason kept the news back for almost four months, and only revealed it when Callicotte threatened to go to the police with it if it were not published. These editors are quoted as being convinced that Callicotte's story is true. Certainly it is important enough to justify official investigation in any civilized state which was concerned to see justice done. But California is not a civilized state, in this sense. Its ruling officials have no compunction about keeping an innocent man in jail, after railroading him there by perjury, if he is radical in his views and if the prestige of the state has been committed against him.

IN LAST week's issue, *The Literary Digest* reported the results of its presidential straw vote after the first 1,800,000 ballots were in, as follows:

[The poll] embraces thirty-eight states. Eighteen of them are now making their first appearance in the poll.

Hoover captures one of these debutantes—Vermont. Roosevelt captures seventeen of them. . . .

The thirty-one states now standing for Roosevelt represent 356 electoral votes.

The seven states now standing for Hoover represent 57 electoral votes. . . .

Roosevelt is getting more than half his strength from former Republicans in California and Michigan, while in nine other states he has more votes from former Republicans than from former Democrats. . . .

The heading *The Digest* puts on this article is, "Roosevelt Leads, But It's Anybody's Race Yet." Which is what you might call breaking the news gently.

THE *American Spectator* is a new literary magazine edited and in large part written by men who were violently attacked twelve years ago for belonging to the godless Younger Generation. The world has moved on since 1920, and some of these authors have moved with it. Others have stayed in the same thinkeasies, needling the same beer and—so it is reported by those who read them—composing the same spirited attacks on Mrs. Grundy. In the first issue of *The Spectator*, a dozen English and American writers sally forth on their hobby-horses. Havelock Ellis writes on Sex, Frank Swinnerton on Publishers, Eugene O'Neill on Masks, and all of them write well. Ernest Boyd con-

tributes that piece on American Esthetes which he has been contributing to the first issue of new magazines since 1924; it's getting a little dusty. Branch Cabell, believe it or not, has an essay on "The Genteel Tradition in Sex," in which he complains once more of his lubricitous admirers. George Jean Nathan explains that the audience is losing interest in the present-day American theatre because the leading feminine roles are often played by lesbians. Clarence Darrow asks for the privilege of drinking whenever and wherever he wants to, and the editors add as footnote in which they "presume that the beneficent influence of mint juleps will be observable in this issue." Everybody says what he's expected to say. *The Spectator* is issued in newspaper format; the typography is admirable, and the one disadvantage of the dead white paper is that it gathers dust.

A FORTNIGHT ago, *The New Republic* commented adversely on a recent regulation at Columbia University, which forbade students to hold political meeting except indoors and under the chaperonage of a member of the faculty of professorial rank. We are glad to report that this rule has now been abrogated. Meetings may be held indoors by obtaining advance permission, or they may be held out-of-doors on a university playing-field, across the street from the library. Neither of these restrictions is unreasonable; and we rejoice that Columbia should so quickly have canceled a rule which was a definite abridgement of the right of free speech.

Voting for a Party

IN THE last few weeks of the campaign, all sorts of last-minute efforts to catch votes are made by speeches and replies, charges and counter-charges, arguments and rebuttals. Any overconscientious citizen who attempted to listen to all the addresses even by the principal candidates, holding his judgment carefully in suspense until he had heard the last word from all sides, and deciding to his own satisfaction who was right in every issue raised, would wake up on election day with a cracking headache. Of course few voters form their allegiances in this way. And it is well that they do not.

A candidate on parade naturally attempts to put his best foot forward; but it is not to be assumed that he will keep all his promises, that the future will conform with his predictions, or even that the past will appear to able historians as he paints it. You cannot know what sort of person a man is by what he says on the stump or by what others say about him. In so far as the personality of the presidential candidate counts at all in seeking the nation's welfare, it can be judged with far greater accuracy by his record than by his speeches. That

record, in turn, makes its most truthful impression as it is lived rather than by last-minute attempts to see it through the fog of electioneering.

What is more important, however, is the general direction of the political and economic forces behind the candidate. Political arguments frequently turn on personal estimates, but as a matter of fact the character of the President himself is of far less influence than voters normally assume. He has to deal, in the practical business of government, with blocs in Congress, with judgments of the courts, with political machines which exchange support for patronage, with campaign contributors and groups of economic interest which control the machines. The frequent picture of a candidate for President as a "parfit, gentil knight" who may be expected to do battle for "the people," loftily disregarding all the solid interests which have made possible his rise to power and without the aid of which little legislation can be passed, is arrant nonsense. The most disinterested and intelligent and courageous man in the world, with a perfect program of his own, even if by some miracle he should be elected by the Republican or the Democratic party, would end in nothing more than a horrible mess if he should try to govern by flatly opposing all the interests which had built up his political support.

It is possible that the man or woman in the polling booth has a truer sense of this fact than the politicians believe. In this election, for instance, he probably knows pretty well that Herbert Hoover, if elected President, will not really be just Herbert Hoover—no matter what that gentleman may be saying over the radio—but an aggregation of bankers, big industrialists, utility magnates, tariff-seeking groups, wealthy income-tax payers who want the surtax rate as low as possible, fearful bondholders, employers who oppose compulsory unemployment insurance or a strong labor movement, and the like. If the voter were satisfied that a coalition of this sort would serve his own interest to the best advantage—as an overwhelming majority of voters were satisfied in 1928—he would cast a ballot for the Republican electors. But this childlike faith on the part of the "forgotten man" has received so many rude jolts in the past four years that it has temporarily disappeared from large areas of the country. That was decided months ago, and only an economic earthquake would have much effect in changing the prevailing opinion.

Mr. Average Voter also seems to show the rudiments of political sense in his attitude toward Roosevelt and the Democratic party. Apparently he has no great enthusiasm for this alternative; he does not really expect it to make remarkable changes. He is simply taking out his resentment on the Hoover crowd with a feeling for the value of sharp discipline for unsuccessful leaders. It is really too bad, however, that this particular alter-

native should be so little different from the discredited Republican. Pages of analysis of Mr. Roosevelt's speeches would not change the fact that the Democratic party, as such, derives its main support, when it has any, from much the same sources as its chief rival. It also, in Congress, votes for protective tariffs and not very high taxes on the rich; its superior virtue at present is due mainly to the fact that its hordes of hungry office-seekers see a chance to capitalize the resentment against what has happened. But the main consequence will be only a triumphant "hee-haw, we're in again." Franklin D. Roosevelt, if he were the greatest statesman in the world, could not make this party, with its old habits, its old personnel, and its need for campaign chests, a very different animal once it accedes to power.

These are the considerations which give a vote for Thomas or Foster political reality. A vote for either, due to the belief that the individual in question is a better or a more competent man than Hoover or Roosevelt, is, of course, quite beside the point. But a vote for either in the belief that the party he represents and is trying to build, the social and economic forces which he is striving to implement, would bring about a real change in the direction and methods of our national life, is a politically intelligent vote.

We do not believe that the country will stray far from the line which has been pursued by the past administration, and against which so many millions of voters will protest on November 8, until there is a powerful political party based solidly on the interest of economic classes organized to oppose the sort of thing naturally desired by bankers, employers and their kind, and to substitute for it a set of policies of their own. In spite of the hopes of Socialists and Communists, there is no such party in the United States yet. But there is a chance that we may see a substantial beginning of such a party before 1936. That chance rests partly on the possibility—a very large possibility—that during the next four years prosperity will not return and the more substantial grievances of farmers and wage earners—employed and unemployed—will not be allayed, no matter who is elected. It rests almost equally, however, on the size of the vote cast this time for the radical candidates. For this vote will be, in large part, the potential nucleus for any such party of workers by hand and brain. If, for instance, Norman Thomas should poll upwards of 2,000,000 votes, the forces out of which a labor party might be built will be immensely stimulated. The snowball will have rolled far enough to gain visible size. But if, next time, there is no other substantial alternative, the danger is that the voters will punish Roosevelt by returning to the arms of Smoot, Grundy, Moses and their successors. These considerations seem to us decisive in their influence on the minds of those who really want a better set of economic institutions,

rather than merely a few more pleasant words from the White House.

We believe that the practical politicians are right when they say that one should be a party man and vote for a party. The only difference between them and us on this point is that the party we want to vote for is not yet born. A vote for Norman Thomas is a vote for the birth of that party in the next four years.

Speech, with Footnotes

IN MANY ways, Mr. Hoover's Cleveland speech is his most important utterance in the campaign. In Des Moines, aside from sentimental reminiscences of an Iowa boyhood, he was concerned mainly to defend an agricultural program which is patently indefensible and of which he agreed to abandon one of the most important aspects. At Cleveland, however, he was on more familiar ground, speaking of industrial and financial affairs. In view of the importance of his statement, it is perhaps worth while to quote a few passages and comment on them individually.

During the past three years our economic system has received the most terrific shock and dislocation, which, had not strong action been taken by your government, would have imperiled the republic and the whole hope of recovery.

But is it not, Mr. President, your theory and that of your class in the community in general, that depressions always cure themselves, given enough time? If "the hope of recovery" had been destroyed, what would have been our condition, and what would you have done about it?

These [European] nations have a rightful aspiration to build their own separate economic systems; they naturally have surrounded themselves with tariffs and other natural protections.

Are you not aware, Mr. President, that every reputable economist who has written on this subject attributes much of the present European depression to the existence of these new tariff barriers, and that practically everyone on that continent agrees they are a constant and increasing incitement to war?

I do not underrate the distressing losses to millions of our people or the weakening of our strength from the mania of speculation and flotation of securities, but I may incidentally remark that the state governments have the primary responsibility to protect their citizens in these matters and that the vast majority of such transactions originated or took place in the state of New York.

But is it not true, Mr. President, that the speculation in securities is essentially an interstate matter and therefore properly within the field of the federal government? Is it not a fact that about the only existing brake upon speculation is the manipula-

tion of the rediscount rate of the Federal Reserve Bank? Whenever the market took a bad drop, was it to Albany or to the White House that the nation looked for a reassuring statement that everything was all right, and from which place was it invariably forthcoming?

This depression began in eleven countries, having a population of 600,000,000 people, before it even appeared in our own country.

In that case, Mr. President, what did you do as Secretary of Commerce and afterward as President to warn the United States of a storm raging abroad which might reach our own shores? What steps did you take to get ready for trouble?

The Democratic party seldom mentions that 66 percent of our imports are free of duty, but that is the fact.

But isn't it true, Mr. President, that this 66 percent consists almost entirely of raw materials needed by our manufacturers or of tropical products which cannot be produced in the continental United States? Is it not a fact that the very reason these bulk so large in our imports is because successive Republican administrations have succeeded in imposing tariffs so high that imports of manufactures have been all but throttled?

The total duties collected in a comparable year represent 16 percent of the total imports.

Wouldn't it have been fairer, Mr. President, in speaking to a large popular audience, to say that the duties on dutiable goods averaged 48 percent?

The effect of the new tariff shows an increase of 2.2 percent.

Again, Mr. President: Wouldn't it have been more candid if you had said that the increase averaged 6.6 percent on dutiable goods, or a 16-percent increase in the tariff itself?

There has been no drain of gold from Europe, which is the center of this disturbance [the depression], but on the contrary, Europe's gold holdings have increased every year since the Smoot-Hawley tariff was passed.

But isn't it a fact, Mr. President, that this statement applies only to France which, with the United States, is now hoarding an enormous amount of gold? And that if France is omitted from the picture, your statement about "Europe" becomes completely untrue?

Instead of discharging a portion of workers into complete disaster [employers] are spreading the remaining employment over the whole of their employees.

Are you not aware, Mr. President, that this practice is denounced by social workers, who refer to it, not as "spreading work" but "spreading misery," claiming that it results in half-pauperizing twice as many persons, and takes much of the burden of the depression from the shoulders of the

well-to-do and puts it on the shoulders of the poor?

To take money from the taxpayer and thus decrease his ability to employ people himself, and to put it into public works which will never make a real return to the public, is a waste of the national wealth and an actual destruction of employment.

Three questions, Mr. President. If this is true, why did you advocate public works in times of depression, in 1922 and at various times thereafter? Why did you take credit, in this very speech, for the public-works provisions of the Emergency Relief Act of 1932? And isn't it a fact that money can be spent on public works at times when it is simply impossible for the private business man to take the risks of expansion?

Already the [Reconstruction Finance] Corporation has authorized the starting of [self-liquidating] works the ultimate cost of which will exceed \$400,000,000.

Don't you think it is misleading, Mr. President, to make this statement when actually the total loans of the R.F.C. given or even tentatively promised toward these projects are only \$121,000,000? Don't you think that in fairness you should have added that for seventy-five days after the fund was set up, the Corporation made no loans, so that the relief to unemployment this winter from this source will be nil? Might you not also have said that of the \$121,000,000 earmarked for loans, more than \$100,000,000 is going to your home state of California, while numerous worthy projects from other parts of the country have been refused or postponed, or made impossible by the high interest rates (averaging 5 percent) the Corporation has demanded?

We have the most gigantic market in the world today, surrounded by nations clamoring to get in. But it has been my belief—and it is still my belief—that we should protect this market for our own labor.

But how do you reconcile this policy, Mr. President, with your often stated belief that the United States is overequipped with factories and that the only solution is to sell goods abroad? Surely you are aware that in the long run goods must pay for goods. If you keep out foreigners' goods how are they to buy our surplus manufactures?

I have by administrative order practically prohibited all immigration from every quarter of the globe except the relatives of our residents. . . . Had the net immigration taken place since the date of that order, which took place in the two years previous, we would have had 400,000 jobs taken from our people or had just that many persons added to our unemployment.

But do you really believe, Mr. President, that there are a fixed number of jobs in the country irrespective of the size of the population? Does it not occur to you that the addition of 400,000 persons to the population would mean some increase in tasks to be done, in consumption of food and goods,

as well as merely the addition of workers? Do you argue that if the number of workers already here could be cut in two, every man surviving would have two jobs? And if you hold these views, why are you not a conspicuous leader in the birth-control movement?

I have said that I would favor the utilization of war debts to advantage agriculture and labor.

Don't you think, Mr. President, that in regard to such a vitally important policy, a matter which affects not only Americans but many millions of Europeans, it is unfair not to explain how you would accomplish this seemingly impossible thing—impossible, that is, unless you propose to subsidize the dumping of American products abroad, a process which you attack strongly when, as you say, it is practised by the Russians?

No one who has seen this battle as I have seen it, who has watched the bright fabric of recovery woven laboriously from day to day, with the stout efforts of American faith and confidence in their people, could harbor a doubt for the future of this nation.

If there shall be no retreat, if the attack shall continue as it is now organized, then this battle is won.

Do you actually imagine that a Democratic victory in November ensures the indefinite continuance of hard times? Are you aware that since the Civil War, the proportion of depression and prosperity has been the same under Republican and Democratic administrations?

And finally, do you not recall that you have been predicting "the bright fabric of recovery," have been announcing that "this battle is won," at frequent intervals ever since October, 1929? Does it not seem to you unwise, in view of your record of being 100-percent wrong heretofore, to remind the American people at this crucial moment in the campaign that you did not foresee the depression, have never shown any understanding of its causes, have tried persistently to end it chiefly by hurrah-boys methods and now have nothing to propose except a continuance of measures which have proved so pitifully ineffective heretofore?

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On Blaming Hoover

TO ROUND out a series of articles on the four leading presidential candidates, The New Republic needs one on Herbert Hoover. It is no longer necessary to estimate what manner of person he is for the benefit of readers who have had but slight opportunity to judge the man and his acts. But it would be valuable to present a new estimate, I believe, in spite of the fact that so many have already made up their minds about him. That part of the electorate whose decisions are influenced by the reasoning process seems to be pretty well divided between people who will vote against Mr. Hoover because they think he is responsible for the depression or for not dealing with it in the right way, and those who will vote for him because they think that the poor man, though he hasn't had a chance, has fought valiantly against misfortune. Both these groups, I think, are about half-mistaken. Most of those who vote against him will be doing the right thing for the wrong reasons, while those who are sorry for the President are justified in being so, but not in allowing their pity to influence their ballots.

In order to withdraw far enough from the melee of the campaign to get a slightly more historical perspective, I beg the reader's indulgence for recalling two articles about Mr. Hoover published in The New Republic some four years ago. In the issue of December 28, 1927, I wrote, under the title, "Herbert Hoover, Practical Man," a piece which bitterly offended many enthusiastic supporters of the future President who believed he was a great liberal, far in advance of his party and the forces which had controlled it. This article began by pointing out that during the War Mr. Hoover had earned the hostility of large groups of farmers by failing to keep the price of wheat much above the minimum adopted by Congress and by misleading them as to the relationship to be maintained between the price of hogs and the price of corn, although on the other hand he had, contrary to the recommendations of expert accountants working for the Federal Trade Commission, allowed the packers to make enormous profits. The reason for this diversity of treatment was attributed, not so much to any bias of Mr. Hoover's in favor of big business, as to his desire to make his contribution to the War with as little opposition as possible from powerful interests. Being a practical man with a feeling for the importance of accomplishing the immediate objective, rather than a great moral leader or a champion of popular justice, he allowed the tide of circumstances to determine his main social direction. The same traits were exhibited by his career as a member of the

Harding and Coolidge Cabinets, when, in spite of his great influence and his activities in behalf of business or political interests which had power, he did nothing in other causes in which he was said to be interested, such as cleansing the Harding regime of corruption, passing the Child Labor Amendment, setting up advance planning of public works as an anti-depression measure, curbing greedy public utilities, or serving the interests of the consumer in the process of waste-elimination.

Some of the judgments there set forth may be quoted for their bearing on his subsequent record. "Contrary to popular impression, and in spite of his excellence as engineer and executive, he is an indifferent economist. Many of his economic views are conceived in advance of the evidence, and are held stubbornly after the evidence goes against him. . . . He is an indefatigable worker. . . . He will be 'bullish' about the future. . . . He will waste no time on lost causes, or causes that cannot win until his day is over. . . . His intention will be, on the whole, generous and humane. . . . Circumstances and existing forces will determine his direction. . . . Nothing he does will have revolutionary implications; rather he will refine and improve what he finds ready to his hand. And he will make egregious mistakes. . . . Mr. Hoover is too much like them [big business leaders] to act or think very differently about large issues. He will do much to help the present industrial order in the United States live up to its best possibilities. He will do little to change it as its rulers do not want it changed."

The second article, published February 27, 1929, on the eve of Mr. Hoover's inauguration, stated that the greatest danger to the new President consisted in the seemingly favorable auspices under which he began his term, and the exaggerated expectations concerning his ability to maintain and enlarge prosperity. It marshaled a number of reasons for expecting an industrial depression in the near future. It said, "If basic economic tendencies were better understood by people in general, Mr. Coolidge would not have received the credit for prosperity, and by the same token, Mr. Hoover would not be blamed for a depression. Even so, the maladjustments which have existed all along would appear more important. Conflicts of interest would be sharpened. People would begin to ask more insistently why nothing had been done about coal, why the tariff had not rescued cotton textiles, why no systematic preparation had been made for unemployment while there was yet time, why the farmers' long struggle for economic parity with industry had brought so little result, why the public-utility monopolies had been allowed to get

away with murder, why so drastic an inequality in the distribution of income had been allowed to persist, why the powerful conservatives had so consistently had their way. . . . This expert, this engineer, this statistician, will fall from a very high pedestal indeed if prosperity does not continue. If he does something, the trouble will be blamed on what he does. Ironically, the very measures he may undertake which are best calculated to avert or mitigate a depression would be blamed for the depression. Nor can he sit back and let his opposition be the scapegoat, for he has no opposition powerful enough to be blamed for anything." The article also forecast impending difficulties with the federal budget and taxation. It expressed doubt whether Mr. Hoover would take seriously any of the really fundamental economic maladjustments unless he were compelled to do so.

In the light of this conception of the man, which is not inclined to condemn him unduly because it did not share the prevailing enthusiasm for him at the beginning, let us examine briefly the major aspects of his administration.

During the campaign Mr. Hoover had promised the farmers relief by a program of his own, resting on a revision of the tariff to give parity to agriculture and a federal agency to improve the marketing of crops and help stabilize their prices. True to this promise, he called in the spring of 1929 a special session of Congress. The natural result of opening the flood-gates to the tariff lobbyists was, of course, that the duties on many industrial products were drastically increased, and agriculture was placed at a greater disadvantage than ever. It is true that many duties on farm products were raised as well, but, as economists and farm spokesmen had clearly demonstrated, these had little or no effect on the prices of the major export crops like wheat; cotton was not protected at all. Senator Borah and other independents denounced the Smoot-Hawley bill (popularly known as the Grundy tariff) as a betrayal of the promise to agriculture. Over 1,000 economists, including leaders of all schools of economic thought, signed an impressive petition to the President asking him to veto it, saying that it was needless and would lead to much harm.

Mr. Hoover, nevertheless, signed the bill, seeking to placate its opponents by a characteristic evasion. He asserted that a strengthened Tariff Commission would remedy its unsatisfactory features. Of course this could not happen and has not happened; the Tariff Commission has no authority over the general policy of the tariff, and in any event works so slowly that it cannot greatly change any particular bill for years. Those who expected Mr. Hoover to be clear about economic matters, to be more intelligent and more courageous than his party, set this act down to political cowardice. I think it was more complex than that. Mr. Hoover never really understood the question. He did not

want, at the beginning of his term, to flout the business forces which for so long had been the backbone of the party. So he did the practical thing of signing, meanwhile bringing himself to believe, because he really did not recognize the principles at stake, that an administrative commission could repair any damage. In all this he was neither better nor worse than the dominating powers of the party which had elected him.

In redemption of the other part of his promise to the farmers, President Hoover obtained the passage of the Agricultural Marketing Act setting up the Federal Farm Board. This in theory had broad powers; as administered, it concentrated on two sorts of activity: it set up great coöperative marketing associations for the major crops, and used government money in an attempt to stabilize prices by buying crop surpluses—either by means of loans to coöperatives or through separate, governmentally financed stabilization corporations. Here was an example of the sort of ineffectual and dangerous compromise which the Hoover type is likely to make. The Republican administrations—including Hoover's—had fought off more radical emergency measures like the McNary-Haugen bill and the debenture, which really proposed to deal with the surplus-crop problem in such a way as to render agriculture tariffs effective. But the Republicans could not go on forever meeting the demand for farm relief with mere words and promises. Many intelligent industrialists understood that. It was necessary to try something, even though what might be tried would encounter the hostility of the grain trade.

The Farm Board did encounter this enmity—make no mistake about it. But the devices adopted did not go far enough to defeat business hostility by doing anything tangible for the farmers. Experts believed in advance that the Hoover kind of stabilization would not succeed. It did not deal with the basic lack of balance between consumption and production. Nor did it embody any way of removing the crop surplus from the domestic market except by holding it, at great cost, for a hoped-for time of higher prices and smaller production—though there was no good reason for expecting such a period in the near future. Mr. Hoover has now belatedly acknowledged the failure of this stabilization plan, but he still has nothing better to propose. There may be some net gain to the farmers from the encouragement of coöperative marketing, but this is still doubtful. On the other hand, the failure of this half-hearted and ill conceived experiment is being used to prove the evils of "government in business" and to support an impossible and destructive return to laissez-faire.—A characteristic triumph of the "practical man" who avoids far-reaching conclusions, and who is unwilling to step out much in advance of the procession. Any one of a score of big business men would have done as much and as badly if he had been in Hoover's shoes.

The next important thing that happened to Mr. Hoover after the special session of Congress was the stock-market crash in October and November, 1929. He met it with declarations of the country's "fundamental soundness," with forecasts of a prompt return to prosperity if people would keep their heads, and with a national conference of business and labor leaders who promised voluntary co-operation in (a) not restricting expenditures but rather expanding them, (b) sustaining wage levels in order to maintain labor's purchasing power, (c) avoidance of strikes and lockouts. At the same time Mr. Hoover undertook to encourage public works. There followed months of declining production and employment, punctuated frequently by hopeful statements on the part of administration and business authorities, no matter what the statistics showed to be the truth.

In retrospect this line of action has been mercilessly ridiculed. The contrast between what the President, the business leaders and the financiers said, and what the facts later turned out to be, is so sharp that it offers fair game for critics, and they have made ample use of the opportunity. Nevertheless, we ought to remember that in the policy he adopted, President Hoover was a perfect representative of the opinion—even of the more enlightened opinion—prevailing among the ruling economic powers in the United States. These powers, however much some of them had deplored the speculative boom on the stock market, really believed that in other respects our economic system was well balanced, and that all we had to do in order to recover was to quarantine the rest of the economic community from the effect of the bursting speculative bubble. If all of us went ahead with our plans and kept spending as usual, nothing serious would happen. All that was necessary to bring about this result was confidence that the other fellow would act in the same way. The industrial conferences, the optimistic statements, were not sheer inanity, but a well calculated policy which ought to have worked if its underlying assumption had been correct—in other words, that the trouble was not basic, but was just a stock-market phenomenon.

At the same time Mr. Hoover and the forces allied with him deliberately discouraged all action based on the assumption that a deep and long continued depression might be in prospect. They would have nothing to do with a national system of labor exchanges or with unemployment insurance. They did not admit the possibility of federal relief of the destitute. Even the encouragement of public works lagged: it affected federal expenditures, but had far less result in state and local programs, which form the major part of the total. In spite of the clear threat of a large federal deficit, Mr. Hoover recommended to Congress, and obtained, a reduction of the income tax. The idea was, of course, the old one that this would encourage ^{were} activity and so enlarge revenue. The at this result would not be forthcoming,

and hence that the federal Treasury would get into difficulty at the very time when the legitimate demands on it would increase was brushed out of the leaders' thoughts. In all this Mr. Hoover acted, not as an insane individual, but in conformity with his past philosophy and that of the men who supported him. The thing to do was to work the existing system of business enterprise, not to prepare against its breakdown or remedy its injustices. To admit that action of the latter sort was necessary would have been to threaten the delicate confidence necessary to the success of the former.

Mr. Hoover now adopts the theory that we should have recovered in 1931, had it not been for the disturbing influences of European financial collapse which occurred in that year. I do not believe it, but if we assume that he is right, still he remained unconscious of the danger right up to the crisis, and did nothing about it except indirectly, by his efforts for disarmament. He never understood the effects of mounting tariffs, reparation and war-debt payments, on international trade and exchange stability; he does not understand them to this day. Neither do most influential Americans. He finally was pushed into the moratorium statement on the brink of disaster; those who had long been urging him to act on this question report that he had been hanging back because he believed that what he was being advised to do, and finally did, was "politically impossible." Here is another realm in which he declines to take the lead, at least until urgent necessity forces him, not because he is a coward, but because he really does not know why he must.

At length there arrived the time when, after long delay, he and the powers about him had to admit that the psychiatric treatment of the depression had failed. They still emphasized the need for confidence, to be sure, but they saw that the lack of confidence was based on recognition of the true situation, rather than on failure to recognize it. Bank failures, threatened railroad bankruptcies, mortgage foreclosures in country and city, hordes of destitute unemployed, decimated dividends, sinking credit—these were realities about which something must be done by government before business confidence could return.

Here, again, a thoroughgoing capitalist policy was adopted. Though the government must do something, it must act only as temporary priming agency for the forces of private enterprise. The policy may be well defined in terms of what it did try to do and what it rigorously excluded.

It did try to:

Provide credit for railroads, banks and insurance companies which were in danger of failing or being obliged to repudiate capital obligations. This policy was aimed at discouragement of hoarding and preventing further blows to confidence of people with money.

Make possible an enlargement of credit resources in the banks and an easier lending policy, by legislation which would permit the Reserve banks to buy large quantities of government bonds. The idea was that

if the banks would lend, business would borrow and spend.

Check the downward movement of bond prices by diminishing new flotations of government securities which competed with private issues. This meant balancing the budget.

After the inauguration of these measures, get business and finance to take advantage of the situation by using the credit to recondition and enlarge their plants and buy commodities.

It excluded:

All forms of direct relief to the destitute which could not possibly be saddled on private charity, local governments and the workers themselves (through work sharing), for more federal relief would have made it more difficult to balance the budget.

Any real enlargement of public works to provide employment and exert a stimulating influence on prices, by means of greater federal borrowing.

Any other means of enlarging currency or credit, and putting purchasing power in circulation, except as this might happen through the borrowing and spending of private enterprise.

Any new device which could not readily be abolished with the return of prosperity, any device which might lead to a change of our economic system.

Hoover and his supporters resent the criticism that this policy favors invested capital at the expense of the unemployed, the landless farmer, "the forgotten man." They believe that the only practical way to serve these classes is first to render capital safe and to open up new possibilities of profit. They slur over the obvious fact that the

process of doing so saddles a major part of the cost of depression on the more unfortunate. They admit by their acts that they think the only way to set capitalism going again is to protect the favored classes at the expense of the propertyless.

Mr. Hoover is grieved because those who have suffered as a result of these policies, or because of his failure to adopt other policies, have turned against him. He has really tried to serve them, according to his lights. It may be natural that the chief defenders and leaders of a regime should be held responsible for its failures. Logically, however, Mr. Hoover is correct. It is mere sentimentalism to suppose that any other individual whom the Republicans would have nominated and elected—or any Democratic President relying on the same economic forces and the same theory of a beneficent capitalism—would have done very differently or very much better. Voting against the President as an individual is quite unreasonable. I do not see any good cause why a person who intelligently supported Mr. Hoover in 1928 should fail to support him now.

On the other hand, all the bitterness, all the resentment against the way the country has been governed, is justified a thousandfold. The pity is that this resentment should not be directed against the whole regime of which Mr. Hoover is so fair a representative. The pity is that so many people should be voting merely against Mr. Hoover instead of for a change in the aims and methods of our economy.

GEORGE SOULE.

Notes on Germany

THE WAR between the new and the old is visible in every country today. But it is more marked in Germany, because the new has been more often victorious, and its partial victories have been fruitful because they have carried along and worked into them so much that was valuable in the old. I traveled in Germany during those gloomy days of decision which followed the Prussian elections: everywhere people had begun to feel that an epoch had come to an end. The political self-confidence, the brave experimentalism, the determination to build a new world, were in a shadow—even the pitiful illusion of prosperity was gone—while the possibility of civil war conjured up the horrors of 1918-1923 and left those who had gone through it before sickened with anticipatory fear and fatigue. No country willingly goes through that experience twice in a single generation.

Poverty and reaction lay upon the country: not merely a poverty of goods but of spirit; and as for the reaction, something that was dead had not so much come to life in the Nazis as been exhumed;

Hitler's notions of dictatorship were but the maggot actively appropriating the dead flesh of the dynastic system. "If the Nazis come in," said an architect in Hamburg whose work was visible in every new quarter of the town, "all that I stand for and live for will be gone: they will abolish flat roofs by legislation; they will stop building *Siedlungen* because we Social Democrats have been building them: all our feeling for sport and outdoor life will be constricted: there will be no sun-bathing!"

Do his words seem anti-climatic? Not at all: the cult of the sun was the symbol of an almost religious revival that had taken place in Germany since the War: it governed the orientation of their new communities, the design of houses, the contrivance of great, open, public swimming pools. In a public bath in a poorer quarter of Berlin, a new building, whose magnificent white interior had been designed by Tessenow, I saw workers in early May with a coat of tan that would at the top of the economic scale have indicated a winter in Egypt. Politically, Germany had fought for a

place in the sun—a sterile political abstraction; but in the midst of poverty and defeat her young people had turned to the solid things of the earth and had found a real place in the sun for themselves.

This active culture of the body was not the work of isolated bands of fanatics: the nudists. Near Karlsruhe I saw a peasant plowing in the fields one May afternoon with nothing on his body save a loincloth. On the hills that skirt Vienna I saw on a Sunday whole families, of utmost bourgeois decorum, basking in the sun, the women with nothing on but a skimpy chemise and knickers, the men stripped to their shorts. The recent official edict against the nudists, and the threat of the Nazis to destroy the new architecture—an architecture dedicated to *Licht, Luft, Sonne*—are declarations of war against the new religion and the healthy pagan life that had been springing up so lustily in Germany. The attack goes straight to the emotional heart of the matter: the symbol. The sun is the great sanifying element that was figuratively drying up the decomposed corpse of Junkerdom, in the way that it dries up the dead dogfish a storm casts up on the beach. If the reaction is victorious, Germany will be a dark place indeed.

But the cult of the body, like so many other marks of the new Germany, owes part of its strength to the very traditions that it has outgrown and transformed. The debt that modern German socialism owes to the practices of von Stein and Bismarck, to say nothing of Frederick the Great, is a commonplace to the political student: equally commonplace is the fact that the Social Democrats, upon achieving power, so often continue the authoritarian traditions of the old aristocracy. The great achievements in city planning and housing that mark the last few years did not depend upon popular mandate: they were the result of a vigorous leadership which intelligently grasped the necessities of the situation and found the means of carrying them out, in spite of public indifference, skepticism, even active hostility. Germany is in fact perhaps the one country in Europe that would be capable of instituting a completely communistic society without altering many of its fundamental attitudes and without being terribly impeded by the weaknesses of the old order. Unlike France, its local initiative and intelligence have not been stifled by a routine bureaucratic centralization; unlike England, its governing classes do not wait tactfully to take the lead from the masses they are supposed to govern; unlike Russia, it has a thoroughly trained and disciplined working class. Order, authority, technical ability and personal initiative are all present together in Germany, and thanks to the social influence of the impoverished small nobility and the professors, pecuniary standards have never been solely dominant. Even under the shabby, overrated pre-war regime in Germany, the initiatives of its cities in municipal socialism were an example to the rest of the world.

So, too, it was a present-day Nazi reactionary, Dr. Schultze-Naumburg, who thirty years ago published a remarkable book upon human physical development, illustrated by a handsome array of photographs of naked women, beautiful or deformed: the book went through numerous editions and gave a deep impulse both to the culture of the body and its comely display. The New Germany utilized all the latent good of the old Germany: but in ten years, through its powerful élan, through its sense of spiritual release, it did more to embody all these formative elements than the old Germany had done in forty-five. If Dr. Schultze-Naumburg bade women to cultivate the beauty of their bodies, it was the new Germany that provided the sport fields. The strength of this movement has been too narrowly attributed to youth. One Sunday morning on a tram in Lübeck two vigorous middle-aged women were sitting opposite me, discussing their husbands' tastes in food and their respective Sunday dinners. I wondered a little at the trim physique of these *Hausfrauen* until my eye happened to take in their bare knees, and I saw that below their short skirts were hockey shin-guards. Having gotten their dinners ready, they were on their way to the hockey field. *Die Jugendbewegung* indeed!

Psychologically, Germany was guilty of some of the same imbecilities during the boom period that America committed. The profiteer rose quickly to the surface: industrial plants and business buildings were too optimistically expanded; and, as an erstwhile Frankfort banker informed me, the heads of large corporations—he instanced a gas works—voted themselves salaries out of all proportion to their services, even from a capitalistic standpoint. Even the workers went silly: the metal workers' union, when its membership consisted of some four million dues-paying workers, built itself headquarters in the Belle Alliance Platz in Berlin, whose interior is one of the most luxurious and delightful examples of modern architecture to be found anywhere: perhaps Erich Mendelsohn's most impressive work. But this large and immaculate building is sheer imitative swank: a thumbing of the nose at the ruling classes and at the same time a submission to their ideals. "If the rich can have palaces, why shouldn't we?" In short, a part of Germany became *üppig*. The exact translation of this would be luxurious, or, more colloquially, swell: but its closer equivalent is the New England uppity. This is the black side of the picture. Mr. Garet Garrett painted a grossly unfair portrait of it in *The Saturday Evening Post*, and the Germans are properly resentful; but now that hard times have come again, the Germans themselves realize, more keenly than anyone else, that the symptoms of "prosperity" were in fact cancerous growths—just as the power of the dynastic state before 1918 had been.

But there are two things to observe. The first is that the boom, like the false hopes that sprang

from the Locarno pact, was a psychological over-compensation for the intense sense of defeat, depression, material frustration, that the whole country had suffered for seven dreary years. The second is that in contrast to the United States Germany was a pillar of wisdom. Here, as the result of "prosperity" we have endless miles of dreary subdivisions, half-paved, with a scattering of extravagant and dishonestly built houses: we have a whole skyful of empty buildings in every big city, pretentious ruins which keep us from deflating rents: we have acres of motor factories and shoe factories capable of producing two or three times the number of automobiles and shoes needed for normal replacement: the major result of our debauch is a wilderness of rusty equipment and worthless stock certificates. In Germany, large sums of capital were invested in durable consumption goods. There are new parks and swimming baths and gymnasia and public recreation centers and theatres established in even the biggest and most burdened cities, like Berlin: instead of dreary speculative subdivisions, there are handsome workers' *Siedlungen* paying their rent and amortizing their investment far better than the idle factories, housing that embodies the most advanced technical skill and experiment. In short, Germany is permanently better off for its generous public spending: the benefit will bring an annual return in lower mortality rates, healthier bodies, happier people. Who has anything to gain from the partly used motor cars which in America were so wastefully

traded in, in 1927 and 1928, in order to keep up with an oversupplied market?

On any realistic scale of values, America is now the poor country and Germany is the rich one. The German working people I talked to seem to understand this: often they expressed pity for their poor American comrades, unsupported by unemployment insurance. The Germans are poor: they are threatened with a violent political reaction: but in their eyes gleams a pride over the possibility of a new world—a world to which they have already given outline and definition. That pride has stiffened their spines. More than once, in the company of a bourgeois guide used to the tipping and kowtowing of the old order, I have seen a worker who had given us some trifle of aid refuse the tip that was tentatively offered. "One can't tell any more," my companion would say with a smile. "It is usually safest now *not* to tip. The German worker was always self-respecting, he is now also proud." That pride and that self-respect extend to the most menial workers: at the railroad station, one can always safely ask the porter how much his services are worth. Never once did a German porter take advantage of the fact that I was an American. Whenever I was a little upset by the blatant childishness and insanity of the middle-class Nazis, I would think of the decent and self-respecting German worker, patient, methodical, perhaps a little stupid, but always honest; and I would be reassured. At the bottom, in Germany, there is sanity and strength. LEWIS MUMFORD.

The Homeless Generation

I: *Mansions in the Air*

SOMEWHERE the turn of a dirt road or the unexpected crest of a hill reveals your own childhood, the fields where you once played barefoot, the kindly trees, the landscape by which all others are measured and condemned. Here, under the hemlocks, is a spring. Follow the thread of water as it winds downward, first among moss, then lost in sweetfern or briars, and soon you will see the bottom lands, the scattered comfortable houses, the flat cornfields along the creek, the hillside pasture where the white-top bends in alternate waves of cream white and leaf green. The Schoharie Valley in August . . . or perhaps what we find is an Appalachian parade of mountains rank on rank: the first ridge is a shadowy green, the second a deep blue; the ridges behind it grow fainter and fainter, till the last is indistinguishable from the long cloud advancing to hide and drench the mountains, flood the parallel creeks, and set the millwheels turning in the hollows and coves. Or perhaps—our childhoods differ—we are on a

low bluff overlooking the Cumberland. Northward into Kentucky, south into middle Tennessee, the river lands continue with their bluffs, their bottoms, their red-clay gullies, their cedars dotting the hill-sides like totem poles. It is November: smoke rises from the lonely tobacco barns; a hound bays from the fields where the corn stands yellow in the shock.

Perhaps our boyhood is a stream in northern Michigan, Big Two-Hearted River, flowing through burned-over lands dotted with islands of pine into a tamarack swamp. The water is swift and chill in July; a trout lurks in a hollow log, ready to take the grasshopper floating toward him at the end of your line. Perhaps we remember a fat farm in Wisconsin, or a Nebraska prairie, or a plantation house among the canebrakes. Wherever it lies, this country is our own; its people speak our language, recognize our values, yes, and our grandmother's eyes, our uncle's trick of pausing in a discussion to make a point impressive.

"The Hopkinses was always an arguin' family," they say, and suddenly you laugh with a feeling of tension relaxed and pretenses vanished. This is your home . . . but does it exist outside your memory? On reaching the hilltop or the bend in the road, will you find the people gone, the landscape altered, the hemlock trees cut down and only stumps, dried tops, branches and fireweed where the woods had been? Or, if the country remains the same, will you find yourself so changed and uprooted that it refuses to take you back, to reincorporate you into its common life? No matter: the country of our childhood survives, if only in our minds, and retains our loyalty even when casting us into exile; we carry its image from city to city as our most essential baggage:

Wanderers outside the gates, in hollow
landscapes without memory, we carry
each of us an urn of native soil,
of not impalpable dust a double handful

anciently gathered—was it garden mold
or wood soil fresh with hemlock needles, pine
and princess pine, this little earth we bore
in silence, blindly, over the frontier?

—a parcel of the soil not wide enough
or firm enough to build a dwelling on,
or deep enough to dig a grave, but cool
and sweet enough to sink the nostrils in
and find the smell of home, or in the ears
rumors of home, far oceans in a shell.

MANSIONS IN THE AIR

Our years in school and college, and later in the army, might be regarded as a long process of deracination. Looking backwards, I feel that our whole training was involuntarily directed toward destroying whatever roots we had in the soil, toward eradicating our local and regional peculiarities, toward making us homeless citizens of the world.

I am speaking of the young men and women born between 1895 and 1900, those who would later be known as the Lost Generation. The phrase, however much abused, is justified in fact. We were lost because our education prepared us for another world than we would face after the War (and the War itself prepared us for nothing); because we matured in a period of confused transition from values already known to values still to be created; because we had no trustworthy guides; but principally because we were schooled away, almost wrenched away, from our attachment to any region or tradition.

In school, unless we happened to be Southerners, we were divested of any local pride. We studied Roman history and American history, but not, in my own case, the history of western Pennsylvania. We learned by name the rivers of Siberia—Obi, Yenisei, Lena, Amur—but not the Ohio with its

navigable tributaries, or why most of them had ceased to be navigated, or why Pittsburgh was built at its forks. We had high-school courses in Latin, German, Chemistry, good courses all of them, and a class in Civics which taught us to list the amendments to the Constitution and name the members of the Supreme Court. But if one of us had later come into contact with the practical side of government—that is, if he had wished to get a street paved, an assessment reduced, a friend out of trouble with the police or a relative appointed to office, and had depended on the knowledge he gained in school—well, fortunately the ward boss wouldn't take much time to set him straight.

Of the English texts we studied, I can remember only one, "The Legend of Sleepy Hollow," which gave us any idea that an American valley could be as effectively clothed in romance as Ivanhoe's castle or the London of Henry Esmond. Literature in general, and art and learning, were things which existed at an infinite distance from our daily lives. The impression was reinforced by our independent reading, which was mostly of foreign authors: we came to feel that wisdom was an attribute of Greece, glamor of Paris or Vienna, art of the Renaissance, and glory of the dim past. If we tried, notwithstanding, to write about more immediate subjects, we were forced to use a language not properly our own. A definite effort was being made to destroy all trace of local idiom or pronunciation and have us speak "correctly"—that is, in a standardized Amerenglish as colorless as Esperanto. Some of our instructors had themselves acquired this public-school dialect only by dint of practice, and now set forth its rules with an iron pedantry, as if they were teaching a dead language.

In college the process of deracination continued. We were being trained for citizenship, not in a township, a state or even a nation, but in that international republic of learning whose traditions are those of Athens, Florence, Paris, Berlin and Oxford. The immigrant into that high realm is supposed to come with empty hands and naked mind, like a recruit into the army. He is clothed and fed by his preceptors, who furnish him only with the best of intellectual supplies. Nothing must enter that world in its raw state; everything must be refined by time and distance, by theory and research, until it loses its own special qualities, its life, and is transformed into the dead material of culture. The ideal university has no regional or economic ties; with its faculty, students, classrooms and stadium, it exists in a town as if by accident; its real existence is in the realm of scholarship—or such, at any rate, is the idea to be gained by an impressionable student.

Take my own experience at Harvard. Here was a university which grew immediately out of a local situation, and transformed itself from generation to generation with the transformations of New England culture. Farming money, fishing

money, trading money, privateering money, wool, cotton, shoe, banking and trading money, had all contributed to its great endowment. It had grown with Boston, a city whose records were written on the face of its buildings. Sometimes on Sundays I used to wander through the old sections of Beacon Hill and admire the magnificent doorways, built in the chastest Puritan style with profits from the trade in China tea. Behind some of them Armenians now lived, or Jews; the Old North Church was in an Italian quarter, near the house of Paul Revere, a silversmith. Back Bay had been reclaimed from marshland and covered with mansions during the prosperous years after the Civil War (shoes, uniforms, speculations in government bonds). On Brattle Street, in Cambridge, Longfellow's house was open to the public, and I might have visited Brook Farm. All of these things, Emerson, doorways, factory hands and fortunes, the Elective System, the Porcellian Club, were bound together into one civilization, but of this I received no hint. I was studying Goethe's "Dichtung und Wahrheit" and the Elizabethan drama, and perhaps, on my way to classes in the morning, passing a Catholic church outside of which two Irish boys stood and looked at me with unfriendly eyes. What was the reason for this separation, in Boston, between "nice people" and "muckers"? When a development of houses for nice Cambridge people came out on the main street of Somerville, why did it turn its back on the street, build a brick wall against the sidewalk, and face on an interior lawn where nurses could watch nice children playing? I didn't know; I was hurrying off to a section meeting in European history and wondering whether I could give the dates of the German peasant wars.

I am not suggesting that we should have been encouraged to take more "practical" courses—Bookkeeping or Restaurant Management or Municipal Sewage Disposal or any of the hundred that clutter the curriculum of a big university. These specialized techniques could wait till later, when we had chosen our life work. What we were seeking, as sophomores and juniors, was something vastly more general, a key to unlock the world, a picture to guide us in fitting its jig-saw parts together. Our professors were eager to furnish us with such a key or guide; they were highly trained, earnest, devoted to their calling. Essentially the trouble was that the world they pictured for our benefit was the special world of scholarship—timeless, placeless, elaborate and incomplete: it bore only a tenuous relation to that other world in which fortunes were made, universities endowed and city governments run by muckers; it lay at a distance, even, from the college world in which we were doing our best to get ahead. The rigorous methods, the high doctrines taught by our professors, applied only to parts of our lives, and we had to fill in the gaps as best we could—usually by accepting the unspoken doctrines of those about us.

I am speaking, naturally, of the boys who went to college from public high schools. The prep-school boys had other problems. Living under the shadow of Dr. Arnold's Rugby, trained to an ideal of niceness—to think nicely, act nicely, speak with an English "a"—they would later face a difficult readjustment, when they were catapulted into a world that was neither nice nor English. In college, however, some of them had a real advantage. The college system of studies and clubs and outside activities was part of a larger system with which they were already familiar; it was a definite step in a career marked out in advance. From Groton to Harvard; from Harvard to an apprenticeship with Lee, Higginson and Company, thence, perhaps, to a seat on the Stock Exchange—or from St. Mark's to Harvard to Kidder, Peabody—their path was open, and most of them followed it, though a few broke out of bounds. But boys from high school ran the risk of losing their own culture, such as it was, in their bedazzlement with this new puzzling world, and of receiving nothing real in exchange.

Young writers were especially tempted to regard their own experience as something negligible, not worth the trouble of recording in the sort of verse or prose they were taught to imitate from the English masters. A Jewish boy from Brooklyn would win a scholarship by virtue of his literary talent. Behind him there would lie whole generations of rabbis versed in the Torah and the Talmud, representatives of the oldest culture now surviving. Behind him, too, lay the memories of an exciting childhood: street gangs in Brownsville, chants in a Chasidic synagogue, the struggle of his parents against poverty, his cousin's struggle, perhaps, to build a labor union and his uncle's fight against it—all the emotions and noises and warm smells of the ghetto. Before him lay contact with another great culture, and four years of leisure in which to study, write and form a picture of himself. . . . But what he would write in those four years were Keatsian sonnets about English abbeys, which he had never seen, and nightingales he had never heard.

I remember a boy from my own city, a graduate of Central High School, which then occupied a group of antiquated buildings on the edge of the business section. Southeast of it was a Jewish quarter; to the north, across the railroad, was the Strip, home of steel workers, saloons and small-time politicians; to the east lay the Hill, already inhabited by Negroes, with a small red-light district along the lower slopes of it, through which the boys occasionally wandered at lunch time. The students themselves were drawn partly from these various slums, but chiefly from residential districts in East Liberty and on Squirrel Hill. They followed an out-of-date curriculum under the direction of teachers renowned for thoroughness and severity; they had every chance to combine four years of sound classical discipline with a personal observation of city morals and sociology and politics in action.

The boy of whom I am thinking was brilliant.

in his studies, editor of the school paper, captain of the debating team; he had the sort of reputation that spread to other high schools; everybody said he was sure to be famous. He entered Harvard two or three years before my time and became a fairly important man in his class. When I went out for *The Crimson* (incidentally without making it), I was sent to get news about some activity for which he was the spokesman. Maybe he would take an interest in a boy from the same city, who had debated and written for the school paper and gotten a scholarship like himself. I went to his room on Mt. Auburn Street. He was wearing—and this was my first impression—a suit of clothes cut by a very good English tailor, so well cut, indeed, that it made the features above it seem undistinguished. He eyed me carelessly—my own suit was bought in a department store—and began talking as if from a distance, in a rich Oxford accent put on like his clothes. I went away with my story, feeling ashamed. Years later, when I was writing articles for a New York newspaper, I saw him again: he came into the office looking very English, like the boss's son; he was a second-string dramatic critic who would never become first string—"Too much culture," a friendly reporter said.

In college we never got the idea that culture was the outgrowth of a situation—that an artisan knowing his tools and having the feel of his materials might be a cultured man; that a farmer among his animals and his fields, stopping his plow at the fence corner to meditate over life and death and next year's crop, might be cultured without reading even a newspaper. Essentially we were taught to regard culture as a veneer, a badge of class distinction—as something assumed like a suit of English clothes or an Oxford accent, a uniform that made us citizens of the world.

Those salesrooms and fitting rooms of culture where we would spend four years were not ground-floor shops, open to the life of the street. They existed, as it were, at the top of high buildings, looking down at a far panorama of boulevards and Georgian houses and Greek temples of banking—with people outside them the size of gnats—and, vague in the distance, the fields, mines, factories, that labored unobtrusively to support us. We never glanced out at them. On the heights, while tailors transformed us into the semblance of cultured men, we exercised in moderation, slept soundly, read the required books and grumbled at our food. There was nothing else to do except pay the bills rendered semiannually, and our parents attended to that.

College students live in a privileged world; except for certain types of childless wives, they form almost the only American leisure class. Many, of course, earn their board and tuition by tending furnaces, waiting on table or running back kick-offs for a touchdown; what I am about to say does not apply to them. The others—almost always the rule of a big university, the students who set

the tone for the rest—are supported practically without efforts of their own. They write a few begging letters; perhaps they study a little harder in order to win a scholarship, but usually they don't stop to think where the money comes from. Above them, the president knows the source of the hard cash that runs this great educational factory; he knows that the stream of donations can be stopped by a crash in the stock market or reduced in volume by newspaper reports of a professor gone bolshevik; he knows what he has to tell his trustees or the state legislature when he goes to them begging for funds. The scrubwomen in the library, the chambermaids and janitors, know how they earn a living; but the students themselves, and many of their professors, are blind to the world of economic struggles; society as the source of wealth is a remote abstraction.

The university itself forms a temporary society with standards that seem eternal. Good taste, good manners, cleanliness, chastity, gentlemanliness (or niceness), reticence and the spirit of competition in sports: these virtues instilled into college students are those which distinguish a leisure class. Most of them are roughly equivalent to the virtues so often preached by the Humanists: *poise*, *proportionateness*, the *imitation* of great models, *decorum*, the *inner check*. Here indeed, among these mansions of air, is the thin soil where Humanism flourishes.

Nor is Humanism the only air-plant that adorns these penthouses of culture. There is, for example, the college liberalism that always draws back from action. There is the missionary attitude of reaching down to help others toward our level, the attitude of the prosperous reformer. There is the life-is-a-circus type of cynicism rendered popular by *The American Mercury*: everything is rotten, people are stupid; let's all get quietly drunk and laugh at them. Then too there is a type of estheticism vastly popular during my own college years. The Esthetes of 1916, in respect to their opinions, were simply Humanists turned upside down. They had an opposite for each of the Humanist virtues: for poise they substituted *ecstasy*; for proportionateness, the Golden Mean, they substituted a worship of *immoderation*; for decorum, a *revolt* from all the middle-class standards, leading them toward a sentimental reverence for sordid things; for the Inner Check, a belief in the duty of *self-expression*. Yet the Humanist and the Esthete both started from the same conviction, that the individual is independent of society, and both were obsessed with the same problem, that of individual salvation or damnation, success or failure. Neither one nor the other had any idea that the individual is rooted in society.

Whatever doctrines we adopted during our college years, whatever our illusions of growing toward culture and self-sufficiency, the process of deracination was continuing for all of us. We were like so many tumbleweeds growing in rich summer

soil, our leaves spreading while our roots slowly dried and became brittle. Soon the War would be upon us; soon the winds would tear us up and send us rolling over the wide land, here piling against fences, here drifting into gulleys and waiting for the snows to give us new roots.

MALCOLM COWLEY.

This is the first of two articles on the Lost Generation. The second, called "Ambulance Service," will deal with the War.—THE EDITORS.

Melancholy Days

THROUGH the golden October sunlight came that prominent farmer, Homer Graves, driving a mellow old pre-depression Ford. He entered the news and tobacco shop and brought a sparkle to the eye of E. Durkin, proprietor.

"How are you, you old potato?"

Elmer gave his rural friend a chair and a good five-cent cigar.

"The scarcer Republicans get," he said, "the more they are worth on the hoof."

Mr. Graves, it appeared, was down but never out.

"It looked pretty bad for a while there," he admitted, "but since the Iowa speech the tide has turned."

"Yes, I read The Herald Tribune, too. That makes the third time they have called the turn. Did you get Herbert on the old battery set, Homer?"

"The first part I did. A farmer can't sit up all night."

"Well, that was a break for you. Chapter one was the best—the dear old boyhood days. They had a depression then, too, only nobody blamed little Bertie. Next came the old sweet story of how he pulled us through our troubles with his own bare hands. That was all in the acceptance speech and I heard it the first time. He did spill some inside stuff about how he saved the country from skidding off the gold standard, but that one had a mean backfire later. Along in the middle of the night he promised to use what Europe paid us on that old bill to buy customers for our farm goods. I bet the electric ears turned red when they got that one. Of course the big idea of the speech was that things might be worse. Calvin pulled that line in New York, too."

"Well, I guess it's true."

"Maybe it is, at that, but it's not so hot as a theme song. It makes no killing out where the nine-cent corn grows. Try that on a poor goofer who has been pounding the concrete looking for a job. Then beat it for cover."

"Anyway, Hoover shot the works and he got a nice hand and it looked for a minute as if his luck had changed. But who is this ornery critter trailing behind the presidential dogs? You guessed it, the old jinx. Four years ago he had a straight

run of breaks, but now all he gets from lady luck is the bird.

"On the morning after, old John W. Citizen props up his paper on the sugarbowl and what's this splitting the front page fifty-fifty with Des Moines? Smith shakes hands with Roosevelt. There is a photo of Al mitting Frank and calling him a spud."

"I read somewhere that he never said that."

"That makes it even worse, Homer. What Al never said makes a bigger splash than what Herby did say, for hours and hours. I don't know how lovey-dovey the boys got, but, hot or cold, they tromped all over Jawn Curry's prostrate frame and put over Lehman for Governor. Next they booted Jimmie Walker off the dock and made the Tiger put up a harmless old party hack they could O.K. without holding their noses. Now Al is going to make some speeches in the East where the ticket needs a friend. I don't know how pro-Frank he'll be, but it's a pipe he'll be anti-Herb."

"Well, Homer, that was only the start of the hard-luck parade. The Hoover special must have passed under a flock of ladders on that trip. Just when he got business headed for a better day the stock market took a deep-sea dive without the aid of a bathysphere. It was three or four days before it even came up for air. Worse yet, wheat took it on the chin for two cents a bushel, if that's farm relief. He said things could be worse and they up and made good."

"Now get a load of this. Maybe you heard how he made them balance the budget and saved the country, world and solar system from caving in. Well, sir, the Treasury picked that swell time to utter its quarterly report. It *would* do that to a candidate trying to get along! All we're in the red so far is four hundred million bucks and no relief in sight. Now the tub-thumpers have to slip kudos to Hoover because the budget is balanced, while cussing the Garner gang because it's not."

"That story about how we were within two weeks of skidding off the gold standard, the poor ignorant furriners got that all wrong and the gamblers began picking on the dollar again. If our jack was so wobbly last spring, they doped it, where is it any Rock of Gibraltar now? Washington big shots are explaining that Uncle Sam has all the gold his system needs and has had right along. Maybe that stops the raid on the dollar, but where does it leave Friend President? I bet we won't hear any more of that one."

"Another report that did the cause no good came from Herbert's favorite child, the R.F.C. They had to tell who got all those juicy loans and it turned out that the long end of the gate went to the banks. Maybe the common run of people will get a wallop out of that."

"You don't seem to think the tide has turned."

"If it has, you can't prove it by the straw votes."

"It's the November votes they go by," said Homer.

"Sure, we Al Smith fans tried to giggle off that Lit Dige stuff four years ago, but all we could pull was a sickly smile. I hear they've got sectors out in the grouch belt where guys caught making whoopee for Hoover won't give their right names to the cops. Bush-league candidates forget to remember who is the head of the ticket. They're running as rugged individuals."

"Well, Elmer, maybe it's not our year, but I'm no fair-weather friend. I'll stick by Hoover."

"You do that, Homer. If the worst comes to the worst you can be a curio and charge admission to yourself."

FELIX RAY.

Washington Notes

*The One-Man Band Wagon—Rousing the Lion—
Cal Comes Across—The Vote for Thomas—
Wall Street and F.D.R.*

THERE is one thing certain about this campaign—if Mr. Herbert Hoover succeeds in the desperate effort now being made to rescue his candidacy from the fate that threatens to overwhelm it, he will have done the job himself and there will be no dispute after his election as to where the credit should go. Four years ago, there was a general impression that Senator Borah of Idaho and Charles Evans Hughes had saved the situation for the Republican ticket by a magnificent series of speeches which succeeded in nullifying the effect of the flaming fight made by and for the Brown Derby. There is reason to believe—in fact the returns seemed to prove—that nothing could have prevented Hoover's election in 1928. Nevertheless there were many people who felt that he owed more to these two men than to anyone else.

This time there is not only no Borah or Hughes on the stump, but no single person connected with the management of the Hoover fight who stands out as being preëminently effective in the campaign. Should Mr. Hoover be elected, and this seems very dubious at present, he will owe no one more than routine thanks. There are two reasons for this. One is that in the whole campaign there is hardly anyone who has not been forced to fight for himself as well as for Hoover. Practically everybody connected with the management is either holding a job of some sort under the administration or is a hack Republican politician with a stake in the result. The other reason is that this is definitely a one-man campaign. I can recall no instance in which a presidential candidate so completely monopolized the direction of his own fight and left so little to the judgment of his managers.

From the very start Mr. Hoover took over the campaign, and the men he placed in responsible positions in the National Committee and at the separate headquarters have taken their orders direct from him. Every decision has been his, every move emanated from him, every policy and plan came from his head. He has sat—and still sits—in the White House directing things over the telephone. His orders go not only to Sanders in Chicago and Hebert in New York, but to the subchairmen, heads of divisions and

publicity directors in both cities. The result has been an inelastic and ineffective campaign, so far as the organization is concerned, with no real teamwork and very little spirit among the campaign workers. What has kept them together and keeps them fighting to the last ditch is the personal interest practically every one of them has, from members of the Cabinet to "personal friends," in the continuation of "The Chief" in the White House.

It must be admitted, however, that Hoover himself has displayed a resourcefulness under discouraging conditions which has prevented what might have been a collapse of the whole Republican effort a few weeks ago. Like every presidential candidate, he is convinced that the people are with him and that despite the machinations of the opposition and the antagonism of the press, the votes for victory will be in the ballot box on election day.

In the first part of the fight, which followed his speech of acceptance, Mr. Hoover was rather disposed to take the result for granted. Roosevelt's Western tour somewhat shook him out of his complacency and sufficiently alarmed him to go into action. However, it was not so much Roosevelt's speeches that aroused him, nor was it even the Literary Digest and newspaper polls, all of which have given evidence of a terrific trend against the administration, as it was the visit here of some eight or ten men from heretofore heavily Republican states. One after another, these men called on him and gave him the bad news straight from the shoulder. They told him that as things stood he was a licked man.

For a while he was considerably dismayed, could not believe what he was told of Iowa, of California, of Michigan, Kansas and Pennsylvania. In the end he had to believe the news, but in accepting the facts he was nevertheless convinced that he could recover the lost ground by a personal appeal. The newspapers have been filled with stories of how strenuously his friends urged him to take the stump and make the series of speeches on which he is now engaged. The truth is, I am told by men who know, that he required no urging at all, that he is convinced of the efficacy of his own speeches and that the moment he began to realize the critical state of his candidacy he began to plan his speaking campaign. Moreover, if I am correctly informed, he called Mr. Coolidge on the telephone and personally asked him to make his Madison Square speech. It must have required a great effort upon the part of Mr. Hoover to make this request direct instead of through Sanders, but it seemed no time to take a chance. The fact that he did risk a refusal which would have hurt his feelings—and he well knew there was such a risk—is an indication of just how serious he thought the situation was.

The one thing he would not do, I am told, was to make a similar request of Borah, though this was urged upon him by some of his closest advisors and friends, who felt that the Idaho Senator could do more than anyone else to allay the resentment of the farmers and hold in line several of the wavering states west of the Mississippi.

As things stand today—three weeks before the end of the fight—the Republicans have to a certain extent regained confidence, and despite the discouraging nature of the poll results published week by week, are convinced that they can pull through. It seems a pretty forlorn hope to me,

but stranger things have happened and there are some plausible arguments to be made. One of these is based on the unusually large vote which it is generally agreed that Norman Thomas will receive. I find a singular unanimity of opinion among politicians of both parties who come here concerning the size of the Thomas vote. The minimum estimate is two millions, while there are any number of good judges who believe it will exceed three.

The Republicans reason that the Socialist vote will help them in two ways. It will, they say, prevent many thousands of disaffected Republican votes from going to the Democratic candidate where they would count double, and it will give disgruntled Democrats a chance to leave their party without voting the Republican ticket. There is, it must be admitted, some logic in this idea. It seems clear to me that the heavier the Thomas vote is, the better are Hoover's chances of holding the usually dependable Republican states.

I am still of the opinion that while the election can be won without the New York group of states, it is not likely. The reason I say this is that if the Democrats are right in believing that there will be a landslide and that Roosevelt will carry every state in the West and Middle West, he undoubtedly will carry New York too. A landslide is not going to stop at the Mississippi River or the Alleghany Mountains. On the other hand, if the Democratic tide is merely strong enough to rob the Republicans of a number of the Western states which they have been accustomed to carry, then they will undoubtedly need New York to get the necessary electoral majority. This, I think, is the way the more astute politicians on both sides look at the situation and hence the fight will as usual be concentrated in New York during the last two weeks before the election.

As for New York, until the last two weeks the polls gave Hoover the better of the showing, and until lately the strongest Republican support from the business interests was assured. Recently, however, there has been some indication that a swing of these interests was not improbable. There has been a disposition among some of the more influential bankers to accept Roosevelt's election as more or less assured and adjust themselves to it.

The Honorable Mr. Baruch and the Honorable Mr. Young have both been assiduously working among their Wall Street friends in an effort to convince them that the so-called liberalism of Mr. Roosevelt need not alarm even the most sensitive conservative. They have pointed to his railroad speech, his public-utility speech and other utterances as an indication of the man's essentially sound views. They have also insisted that one of the most ridiculous ideas ever fostered upon a gullible people is the belief that prosperity can be regained only by voting Republican.

The efforts of Baruch, Young and other Democrats of high conservative coloring, coupled with the care with which the more pronounced progressives have been kept out of the Roosevelt campaign, have had no little effect in New York. As a matter of fact it is not hard to persuade these great financial leaders of our country. In politics, as the past has proved, they are about as gullible as any set of citizens we have.

Washington.

T. R. B.

Ellen Terry Again

Ellen Terry's Memoirs, with a Preface, Notes and Additional Biographical Chapters by Edith Craig and Christopher St. John. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 367 pages. \$3.75.

WE MUST always begin, I suppose, with whether we think Ellen Terry a great actress or not. My record on that point is worth next to nothing. I was a schoolboy when I saw her, on the last full-blown tour that she and Irving made together. She was fifty-four at the time. Among other roles she was playing Portia and Henrietta Maria. I remember only a certain golden shine to her, a definite articulation, and a sense that Irving entered too often when I preferred Miss Terry. Irving's own performance, the Charles I and Shylock, I remember, came apart in my mind into dry and studious bits. My instinct, however little I knew about it, was toward current and basic continuity in the whole of an actor's scene or in his whole performance. What with one circumstance and another, alas, I never saw Ellen Terry again; and I should not now be taking my recollections of her seriously at all if it were not for the fact that at this same callow stage of my theatre experience I saw Duse in three or four parts, and that from her playing, or from herself, there remained and grew steadily through the years an impression, an influence really, that compares only with the shock of those first seven cantos in Dante, where for the moment—and at moments later on, in and out the years—I got a sense of never having read poetry of its like before. It was not any matter of degree in excellence, but of penetration, intensity, a kind of spiritual realism I had never before seen. I remember also seeing Sonnenthal, the great Viennese actor, in a performance of "King Lear" from which I received an experience of storm and dimension in acting that was to last me forever. Only in so far as this comparison between my memory of these two and of Ellen Terry has any implications could my comment on her acting be of the slightest value.

Ellen Terry's son, Gordon Craig, one of the great lights and sources in the whole modern theatre, says in his book about her that Ellen Terry was not an intellectual woman—he thanks God for that—but makes very clear the miracle and wonder that she brought to bear on life and on art, and sets down a wonderful sentence of his own, that "people always become young remembering her." He counts heavily on her long experience in the theatre, from childhood up, and on the labor and study and thought that she put into her creations. It was not her face, it was her whole person that her acting commanded. Much lay in her movement—"indeed an entrance with her was a gliding, eager thing." Her rapid strides were light and long; her gestures were large; her delivery was measured; the variety in her expression was impossible to follow. She depended less on stage business and technical invention than on the wholeness of her entrance into the parts she played. He states that when he came from Berlin to see her Ophelia, after having played Hamlet himself in his earlier days and after much study of the play for his own notions of it, he found all these notions "rent and consumed" and all she did faultless. Once when he saw her Mistress Page come on read-

ing Falstaff's letter, he thought, "this is how to act comedy," and was "terribly excited to see not only the ease of the actress but to receive an entirely successful explanation of what it was all about."

But annals and descriptions of any actor's art can never convey much, save for a flash now and then that will carry meaning to some specialist in the observation or theory of acting or to some player. The reality dies with the performance. The shower of bright fortune that descended so often upon Ellen Terry in the theatre struck also in another spot, through which, doubtless, time will at last remember her. "The Story of My Life," published in 1908, was by no means the usual theatrical autobiography, all innocent vanity, wrongs, rivals and triumphs, whose foolish emptiness is partly due to the fact that the artist has got into a medium not his own and has thus lost the sting and conscience of a living technique. But it took the Terry-Shaw letters to send Ellen Terry's literary gift into its right high place, and the memoirs into the rank they deserve. It is this autobiography that Miss Craig and Miss St. John have now edited, adding to it notes that explain, correct and illuminate as the moment needs, sharpening the point where in the original the fear of hurting someone's feelings had left it blurred, and bringing the story up to 1928, when Ellen Terry died.

Some day, perhaps, when more of the people are dead whose feelings or reputations or general ease might be affected, we shall have records of Ellen Terry that will convey more of the imp and fling of her, the waywardness and willful infatuations, passions and surprises, matters that are the obverse, or continuations, or natural and expected parts, of all this giving and shining and loving, this immense impulse toward life and this abundance of life poured out to others. Certainly her love affair with Edward Godwin, her children's father, needs, as the present editors suggest, a right telling, for this is no matter of unconventionality but of an extraordinary man and an extraordinary woman and their years together. How far a more varied and ample record would move narrowly into scandal or broadly out into what is creative, rich and constantly renewed with life, will depend on the fortunes of both taste and honesty in the Anglo-Saxon head. For present uses this new volume seems to me admirably done, intelligent, loyal, with a measure of criticism that is at bottom only protective, and with a self-respect that implies the editor and loving worker, not the mere devotee.

Something of these memoirs of Ellen Terry's you will never understand without a knowledge of the actor's temperament. There are intensities and high spots that are best seen through the chiaroscuro natural to an actor, with his habit of footlighting himself. On the other hand, there are far deeper things that will be left blurred; they are like the lunatics in the asylum Ellen Terry visited when studying Ophelia, they are "too *theatrical*" for the actor's use. That Ellen Terry was adored by thousands, was special player to painters and artists, was married by three men, not to speak, as Chaucer politely puts it, of other company, that she was generous and could be radiant and heavenly and so on, everybody knows. It is just as true that no book this year will be more delightful or necessary than this. But you will be very much mistaken if you take it to be written by some Ariel, all wings, all gossamer, glamor

and flowery eyes. She was in her own way as sure of herself as are all geniuses and much more sure of herself than most of them. Around this sureness were the layers of all her impulsive goodness, brightness, charm, her splendor of friends and praise. She had also no talent for sustaining resentments or jealousies, she loved flowers and triumphs, as she loved love, nature, the country and a hundred other delights in life which she both loved and delighted in being delighted with. The same thing went through her adorations and abounding friendships. Nothing could be clearer than that they belonged to her heart and her mind and her tact and charity, but that also she delighted in being delighted with this perfect dear, this charming pet and this lovely face and that lovely talent and so on. The reward for all she gave to life came back to her in devotion and admiration and the knowledge she must have had of a power to create some happy or sustaining substance in the soul of many another. The punishment for whatever was less genuine about all this (arising, as the case might be, from kindness, vanity, responsiveness or some animated resistance to being bored herself) came in due course. It consisted in the reputation of being a great dear. What that can do to one's being taken seriously as a mind or as an artist is obvious. Breaking down the theme of the great dear is one of the purposes and due services of Miss Craig's and Miss St. John's work. You have only to read Ellen Terry's memoirs to see that, with all the glamor, beauty, love of applause and immense powers of generosity and praise and repose toward others, she had her own incision, intelligence and judging; she could see with startling divinations, and could make her point with sometimes a strange lovely brilliance all her own, sometimes with such humor as only the most blest of great authors have had, sometimes with a finality of insight no less deadly for being without rancor or malice or long memory.

As to matters of taste or tragic depths, there are in these notes and reactions of Ellen Terry instances that unsettle any certainty I might have. She finds the Sargent portrait of her Lady Macbeth not only a beautiful picture but full of what she wanted to create in the scene, and in the beautiful costume. I should call the picture shallow and superficial, however facile, and the conception in it not tragic at all, much less profound; and as for the pretty costume, it is, theatrically, not really dramatic, and historically—a part of Irving's famous accuracy—it shows, as Oscar Wilde wrote, that "Lady Macbeth patronizes local industries for her husband's clothes and the servant's liveries; but she takes care to do all her own shopping in Byzantium." The point of view, however, should be credited more to the epoch than to any one actress in it.

When she says, for instance, that Irving failed in certain Shakespeare scenes because of his genius for impersonation where an actor of commoner mold takes such scenes rhetorically, without understanding them, and gets through them with some success, she is esthetically on the wrong track. It was not intellect or impersonation that wrecked the scene; it was a lack of current, movement and eloquence in the actor's performance: in sum, the failure came from Irving's not perceiving the dramatic style involved.

As for the beautiful or pointed or happy or fecund passages in the memoirs, they are numberless.

Irving's make-up in Charles I, "as in other parts, was the

process of assisting subtly and surely the expression from within. It was elastic and never hampered him. It changed with the expression.

"There have been only two faces on the stage in my time—his and Duse's."

Of Sarah Bernhardt: "How wonderful she looked in those days! She was as transparent as an azalea, only more so; like a cloud, only not so thick. Smoke from a burning paper describes her more nearly! She was hollow-eyed, thin, almost consumptive-looking. Her body was not the prison of her soul, but its shadow.

"On the stage she has always seemed to me more a symbol, an ideal, an epitome, than a woman. It is this quality that makes her so easy in lofty parts."

She began to wonder if Irving "was ever really popular. It came naturally to most people to dislike his acting. . . . But he forced them, almost against their will and nature, out of dislike into admiration. . . . This is not popularity."

"I was at Tewkesbury yesterday and felt how like he *really* is to the great Abbey there, but his admiration is for something of quite another sort. He tries to be like Milan Cathedral. He never admires the right thing."

I will quote a sentence about Ellen Terry herself, from the closing chapters in the book, after the memoirs are finished:

"Because on the stage these powers of Ellen Terry's ran on the lightest of feet ('all divine things run on light feet,' says Nietzsche), their strength and profundity were seldom recognized."

STARK YOUNG.

Not on the Ticker Tape

IF HOOVER is the Wall Street candidate, the Street shows its love in a curious and back-handed way. After the market collapse immediately following the Chief Executive's political address at Des Moines, former Senator Reed of Missouri felt justified in saying: "Every time he has uttered a word, written a pamphlet, sent a telegram or indited a message, he has succeeded in breaking the market." This statement is too strong, but it is a fact that since Mr. Hoover's prophecy of March, 1930, that the worst of unemployment would be over in ninety days, the market has turned thumbs down on his prognostications. There is one significant exception. When, in the late spring of 1931, Mr. Hoover announced the moratorium, he electrified the markets of the world and started an important, though false, bull movement in securities and commodities.

Prior to that, Mr. Hoover's success in rejuvenating the stock ticker occurred immediately after the White House conferences in November, 1929, when the President told the country that despite the stock-market collapse, business was basically sound, wages need not come down, and capital expenditures by corporations would bridge the gap of any reduced consumer buying. The stock market took the President's words seriously and soared for months, giving the bankers' pool, which had supported stocks during the panic, an opportunity to unload at a profit.

Ever since then hard-boiled traders have been skeptical. The market turned downward after the President's second acceptance address largely because, in his attempt to take credit for such improvement as has taken place in business, Mr. Hoover let the cat out of the bag by emphasizing the artificial and political aspects of the manipulated rise in

security prices. Later, in the Des Moines address, Mr. Hoover upset confidence by indicating that he, and he alone, stood between the country and economic ruin (abandonment of the gold standard, etc). This statement was disturbing in view of the general belief, reflected in the present Wall Street betting odds, that Mr. Hoover will be out of the White House on March 4.

In the last batch of bank loans announced by the Reconstruction Finance Corporation, it was disclosed that a Cleveland bank which is headed by the treasurer of the Republican National Committee, dipped into the emergency national financial trough for \$2,000,000. Presumably there is nothing sinister about the transaction, but the insiders would have felt more comfortable if the matter had not been made public. This helps, perhaps, to explain why the administration and its supporters so vigorously opposed the amendment compelling the Corporation to give publicity to bank loans.

It will be recalled that before publicity was required, a loan of between \$80,000,000 and \$90,000,000 was granted to a Chicago bank, whose chairman, only recently returned to his post there, had been the first president of the Reconstruction Finance Corporation. The R.F.C. granted the loan shortly after the official resigned in order to resume his position at the bank.

The details of this mysterious operation have not yet been made public, and, unless the Corporation voluntarily does so, Congress is likely to investigate the matter. The question has been raised whether, in view of the notorious weakness of the bank, the R.F.C. made any stipulations concerning reorganization. In similar cases it is customary for private lenders to make definite demands for improvement in the bank's management.

Recently the directors of the bank itself conceded that readjustment was necessary by voluntarily turning over the commercial banking business to a newly chartered bank. In revealing the reorganization, General Charles G. Dawes said: "When the cost of borrowed money was added to other operating expenses, the continuation of [the] bank without some plan of readjustment could only have the effect of a steady impairment of its assets."

Did the R.F.C. foresee this contingency and, if so, did it insist on any readjustment?

Insiders have criticized the R.F.C. for pouring public funds into unhealthy banks without demanding that the defects be rectified. For example, in overbanked, small communities, it has neglected obvious opportunities to insist on corrective mergers and better management as a condition precedent to making loans. The criticism is also made that, in helping financial institutions, the R.F.C. neglected to stipulate that the aid be passed along to needy borrowers in the form of lower interest charges, extensions of maturities or reduced amortization payments.

The success cult is temporarily out of favor. Senator Brookhart earlier in the depression opposed the appointment of Eugene Meyer, Jr., to the governorship of the Federal Reserve Board on the ground that he was a millionaire. A friend of the financier waggishly suggested that he plead in extenuation that the depression had deflated his fortune.

President Hoover also catered to this prejudice by letting

the rumor spread early in the campaign that his worldly goods had shrunk greatly while he has been in office. And Governor Roosevelt opened the secrets of his comparatively modest family and personal income to the public gaze.

The climax was reached, however, when former President Coolidge, in his Madison Square Garden address, said: "He [President Hoover] was not born to the enjoyment of generations of inherited wealth so that he could be educated by tutors and sent through expensive schools and universities. He never was carried into political office by the way of family influence. He has always had to depend on his own name and reputation."

Mr. Coolidge thus performed a master stroke in exposing to the country the wicked fact that Franklin D. Roosevelt, a product of Groton School and Harvard, had not followed the Horatio Alger, Jr., formula.

Though the majority of large corporate executives are skeptical of methods for "artificial" social control of prices, such as the domestic allotment or the McNary-Haugen formula, they still are loyal to the ancient god of manipulation. In this spirit, they fully expect the copper companies to mark up the price of the metal to seven cents before December 31, so that the inventories of fabricators and others may take up copper on hand at the more respectable figure, thus making a better financial showing than would otherwise be possible. When corporate window dressing is at stake, the conservatives forget their puritanical objection to interfering with the law of supply and demand.

Since Samuel Insull was indicted, his former friends in the financial district insist that he erred more in over-optimism during the depression than in fundamental crookedness. According to the Wall Street version, he began to overreach himself when he purchased from Cyrus Eaton, ex-Baptist minister of Cleveland, a substantial block of shares in his chief companies. Insull feared that Eaton was attempting to threaten his control, and apparently paid an exorbitant price to regain the shares which Eaton owned. Later, Insull attempted to do a King Canute when he sought to sweep back the waves of deflation by supporting the prices of the stocks in which he was interested. If it had not been for these blunders, it is thought that he would have got by for a considerable time despite his pyramiding of interconnected holding companies and his laxity in financial and accounting methods, which in the long run doubtless would have brought their own retribution.

In these days of confusion and divided counsel, there is hardly a consensus of opinion in Wall Street or elsewhere. Nevertheless, a canvass of brokerage and banking opinion convinces me that the Street is resigned, if not reconciled, to the prospects of a Democratic victory. Numerous market analysts think that the stock market will rally after the election, no matter which way it goes. This view is based on the theory that with certainty replacing uncertainty politically, the market will be able to reflect once more such evidences as there may be of trade improvement, which of course thus far has been meager. Wall Street men think that the ability of business this year to reveal fall seasonal improvement, after failing to do so in 1930 and 1931, may be a sign of an approaching turning point. L. M. N.

The editorial below, which won honorable mention in The New Republic's College Writing Contest, was contributed by a junior at Montana State College who is majoring in Horticulture.—THE EDITORS.

Taxes Will Grow Heavier

ALMOST every week recently has brought more news of taxation difficulties in cities, counties, states and nation. Where the news columns do not tell of salary suspensions, meetings of aroused taxpayers or Mr. Hoover's congressional struggles with the budget, the editorial columns are likely to contain long tirades on the unbearable weight of taxes, pointing to the rapidly increasing amount of tax delinquency to be found in almost every part of the country.

The difficulties are not new. The present depression is only something in the nature of a final straw. Tax burdens have been growing heavier for a long time. Between 1922 and 1929, per-capita expenditure of state governments, in terms of the 1926 dollar, increased 59.6 percent. In the same period per-capita expenditures of the larger cities increased 131.4 percent. The tremendous increase in real-estate taxes is too familiar to need comment. Expenditures of nearly all branches of federal and local governments are increasing steadily. There can be little doubt that in many sections the burden placed on the taxpayer's shoulders is becoming unbearable.

Two explanations are commonly advanced to explain this weight of taxation. It is argued that our tax laws are antiquated, that they should be modified so as to place a larger part of the burden on the wealthy. Undoubtedly more equitable tax laws would help, at least temporarily, in many sections, but the fundamental fact is that the proportion of national income used to support governmental service is steadily increasing; it grew from 10.9 percent in 1924 to 14.4 percent in 1930.

Then it is asserted that local and state governments are ridden with graft and corruption and that public agencies perform too many nonessential functions. We would not deny here even the wildest stories of corruption and waste in local and state governments; and no doubt considerable sums could be saved by administrative reorganization. But it is hardly likely that any savings resulting from increased efficiency and honesty in the public service would be passed back to the taxpayer; it seems much more probable that such savings would simply be absorbed by the numerous public enterprises which are now suffering from lack of funds.

The idea that the government is engaged in too many paternalistic activities, many of which should be eliminated, will hardly stand scrutiny. Government agencies do not go into new fields or assume new functions merely because public officials want to, but only because a considerable body of citizens insist that they should do so. New public agencies are seldom created except after long continued and heavy pressure from a considerable body of people. It is difficult to think of any governmental activities, except military ones, which are really "nonessential." This is, perhaps, illustrated by the fact that while newspapers, magazines and public men are unanimous in their demands that paternalistic and "bureaucratic" activities must be curtailed,

when specific suggestions are called for they are all silent. Even the reactionary United States Chamber of Commerce confines its suggestions for federal retrenchment to vague generalizations.

Is not the difficulty much more fundamental? Are not our troubles over public revenues simply an indication that our present system of individualistic capitalism with all its waste and inefficiency is incapable of supporting an increasingly complex society? With the exception of military activities, it is difficult to name any governmental activity that could be curtailed or eliminated without injuring American life.

On the other hand few things are more certain than that we are just on the threshold of a period of tremendously increased public activities and expenditures. It is probably not an exaggeration to say that we will be faced within a decade or so with a tripling or quadrupling of governmental expenditures. The only alternative is a rapidly declining standard of living.

Consider some of the expenditures which the government will be called upon to make within a short time. We must soon attack in a serious way the problems of soil erosion and flood control. Every state in the Union is confronted with the problem of soil erosion. This is not a problem the solution of which can be postponed; failure to solve it before it gets beyond control simply means national decline. No one knows what an adequate program for soil erosion and flood control will cost, but it is quite possible that it will make our recent naval appropriations look like small change.

Unemployment and old-age insurance must come. Where it can be done, the burden should be placed on the industries concerned, but in many cases this is impossible. The burden of technological employment falls inescapably upon society. It is highly probable, too, that the state will have to assume an increasing share of the costs of medical care for the low and moderate-income groups.

Expenditures for education in all forms must increase tremendously. We have set ourselves the task of creating an educational democracy; even if we could abandon that ideal, the problems of professional and vocational training and of scientific research would grow apace.

As the cities become larger their problems become more complex and for that reason more expensive to solve. Four-level streets naturally cost money—as would the psychiatric clinics to accompany them. Automobile-traffic problems are not likely to simplify themselves; nor can air traffic regulate itself. The liquor problem will not be solved merely by repealing the Eighteenth Amendment; nor is the narcotic problem likely to disappear.

These are merely examples from a list that might be extended indefinitely. Society grows ever more complex, and if we are to maintain our present standard of living, we are inevitably faced with stupendous increases in governmental activities and expenditures. But since even now the industrial system is so inefficient as to make the burden of taxation very difficult and in some cases almost unbearable, we are faced with two alternatives. We must either modify the economic system so as to increase its efficiency, or reconcile ourselves to a steady decline in our standards of national and individual life.

HENRY BLACK.

A COMMUNICATION For a Voters' Strike

SIR: I address myself to that large class of Americans who, like myself, do not vote at all or do so cynically and who at the same time find themselves in a dilemma. They watch with a sense of frustration the piffling comedy of a campaign like the present one at a time like the present, knowing that decisions by government affect the course of their daily lives and yet unable to bring themselves even to take an interest in the shoddy concerns of politics. To them I suggest a way out, a way whereby without compromise of self-respect they may at once fulfill their obligations of citizenship and look to their own welfare.

Concretely, I propose a voters' strike. I propose that instead of merely failing to vote, we consciously refuse to vote, organizing to induce others to follow our example and pledging the young especially never to go near the polls or take cognizance of politics until they can do so with dignity, self-respect and prospect of accomplishment.

I am not making a paradox. An organized voters' strike would be an effective measure for restoring meaning to politics and reality to government. What alternative is there? Acknowledging our stake in government and our culpability for the kind of government we have, what shall we do? Vote? But what sense is there in voting when the choice is as it is: two parties that stand for nothing, with candidates who do not dare speak their convictions on any question of importance—if they have any? Nobody can seriously believe that it makes any real difference to the nation which party is returned to office. Shall we exercise a voice in determining the choice presented to us? How? By participating in the grotesque antics of a national party convention, to say nothing of party precinct rallies? To ask the question is to answer it for all men of intelligence and sense of humor. To blame public apathy for the low estate to which politics has fallen is illogical. The reverse is true.

The hope of changing our politics by boring from within is illusory. The momentum of existing practices and lack of principle is too strong for the newcomer to stem. One of the commonest phenomena of American politics is the tamed reformer and idealist. He succumbs to the aroma of the fleshpots; or he is bamboozled; or he is cowed; or he learns to see what it is better not to see, reconciling himself with the thought that he will change things when he has come to the top; or he is thrown out. I do not deny that there are sincere and able men in politics, but I know of none who has made any enduring change consonant with his hopes and convictions. Another phenomenon of our politics is the dichotomy between the character and convictions of public figures before assuming office and their performance in office.

There is little hope from a third party. Our electoral system interposes an almost insuperable obstacle. A third party has little chance of survival unless one of the two existing parties is on its deathbed—that is, when it is no longer a third party in fact.

In short, as long as our political organization remains as it is there is no hope of accomplishing anything in the direction of better government. The only hope lies in the de-

struction of that organization, which can be most expeditiously brought about by dooming it to death from innocuous desuetude, by laughing it to death or cutting it dead. I pass over now the question whether it is not already dead, whether it is not merely the façade of the real structure of government, which is economic; in that case we need merely wait for our institutions to catch up with the reality of social forces, meanwhile letting congressmen and national committeemen yawp while bankers and industrialists decide. But whether that comes by revolution or the gravitation of social forces, it is a long way off. Meanwhile we shall have misgovernment or no government unless we take thought to ourselves, and that we can do most effectively by blacklisting the existing political organization.

Not more than half the electorate now goes to the polls. Reduce that half by half, and we shall give pause to the political hacks. The professional politician is slick, but he is also pusillanimous. A whisper on the breeze and he scuttles. The implicit sanction we now give to his doings by going through the motions of voting is his shield. Strip him of it, and he will have to contrive his own defense.

What is there to lose? It will put government at the mercy of professional politicians, in politics for a living and ready to sell the power of the state to interests which pay the most? That is where government is now. Could Tammany unopposed do worse than Jimmie Walker's seven years? Could our federal government be more complaisant with special privilege, while the larger questions of public polity and social management are evaded or smothered in vacuous generalities? What change for the worse would there be?

There would be much to gain. By the very fact of refusing to vote, which is different from neglecting to vote,

we would start a train of ideas. By pledging men and women to abstain from politics and reason why, we would build up a common consciousness. By the campaign we carried on we would be giving the most practical education in political science, education instinct with reality. There would be a force for cohesion in the common consent to strike. Coalescence into a like-minded nucleus, held together by a political purpose not for profit, would come by natural process. As the nucleus developed, it would constitute an increasing threat to the political gentry, who know by experience that minorities which know what they want usually have their way. They would walk warily.

As the nucleus assumed respectable proportions, its constituent elements would not rest content with negative action. Having this much in common, that they would have nothing to do with politics as it is, they would begin to inquire what else they had in common, especially what kind of politics they considered appropriate to the needs of modern society. Inevitably they would be drawn into crystallizing principles and program. Meanwhile the number of those who still voted would be declining, by the momentum which has already set in and by virtue of agitation. Their life-blood drawn, the old parties would be ripe for dispatch. Then we might have political division on realities, parties with principles and policies, and meaning in the exercise of the suffrage. Then democratic government might have at least a fair test and perhaps a chance of vindication. Can anyone suggest any more practicable means for attaining those ends?

I propose then: Strike! Don't vote! Teach your children not to vote! Organize your friends! Be good citizens—blacklist politics!

New York City.

NATHANIEL PEPPER.

C O R R E S P O N D E N C E

Farmers and Revolution

SIR: Bruce Bliven's contribution to the farmers' strike discussion, in the August 31 issue, was little less than astonishing to me. Mr. Bliven says he was home about a year ago and heard no rumblings to warn him of the events which have recently developed. For some time I have wondered why the seismograph in the office of The New Republic did not respond to the tremors that have been increasing in intensity in our Middle West these three years or more. When one-half of our population growls, surely some trained editorial ear hears at least a murmur! Has no one bothered to tell The New Republic that farmers, although not Communists even as Mr. Hoover stretches the meaning of the word, can use the word "Revolution"?

I, who am neither Communist nor farmer, heard that word last December. Heard it frequently, sometimes only half-seriously, but always from the mouths of farmers and farmers' wives; heard it in Ohio, Pennsylvania, Illinois and Kansas—chiefly Kansas, where the spell of Wall Street is weak and the native intelligence less encumbered by industry-supported newspapers.

Even last December I was not wholly surprised by the way those farmers talked. Four years ago I sold tractors, so I know how they have felt these past ten years. . . .

In a weekly newspaper in a north-central Kansas town a grain-elevator operator buys front-page advertising space to pan the administration and expose the faults of the capitalistic order. As this man merely writes what his less articulate neighbors think,

it does not occur to the editor to consider these ads too extreme to run.

The son of another Kansas farmer came into my office last week to tell me that he had decided that New York and a business career were the bunk. He is going to return home the minute his present job gives out—as it eventually must—and is going to get a teacher's certificate. "Tell the kids the truth about all this and they won't fall for the bunk that got their Dads into the present mess," said he.

It seems unbelievable to me that The New Republic does not know all this and more. Let Mr. Bliven get into his car and drive West again. Let him forget all he knows and thinks. Let him just ask farmers, "How are you going to vote?" Ask farmers at the plow, and farmers who are forced to run gas stations and roadside stands to get the needed cash for just carrying on. He will see more than a mere strike, more than a great gesture, in the offering.

New York City.

LEONARD C. RENNIE.

[I have heard plenty of the sort of talk Mr. Rennie reports, in the Middle West and elsewhere; but I still do not feel that such talk is of much importance, in itself. Americans have a habit of saying "We need a revolution"; but heretofore, at any rate, those who have talked this way the loudest would be the first to be frightened if a real revolution came. Until people know for what, and against what, they propose to revolt, their casual remarks are not going to make any capitalist lose sleep.—B. B.]

Norman Angell and War

SIR: In your issue of September 21, Sir Norman Angell, with his customary lucidity, points out that "War . . . is the outcome of defective institutions and of follies, fallacies, misconceptions, common to the great mass of men." I should suggest that, in our day, reason however lucid will not alone suffice to overcome these follies and passions; it must be supported also by a fundamental psychological attitude affirmatively predisposing individuals toward peace rather than war. War offers to many a release, however illusory, from the burdens of everyday life; peace seems merely a negation of war. It is essential to associate with peace a real security of living, to make life and work interesting and satisfying to the ordinary man, as it is not today. The forces of peace must reinforce their logic with a broad effort to secure the ordinary man a stake in the continuance of peace and a realization that his personal life is worth while.

Cambridge, Mass.

HAYDN HAINES.

SIR: Mr. Norman Angell in his communication in *The New Republic* of September 21 makes several assertions, interesting because of his complete lack of acquaintance with established facts and utter disregard of the laws of logic. Like most pacifists, he points an accusing finger at nationalism without attempting to analyze either its derivation, chief support or fundamental significance. Nationalism is not, as he assumes, a tiny seed to be found in the breast of each new-born babe, a way of thinking older than history itself. Nationalism, as we know it today, did not make its appearance until the industrial revolution and was supported by the rising industrial class as a philosophy opposed to feudalism. Once this class had gained political power and established a national economy, it had achieved its mission. The rise of another national state, however, with its own national economy and fully determined to control the developed markets of both countries and the undeveloped markets of the world caused an antagonism. There developed, as a result, tariffs, lying textbooks, huge standing armies, hatred and jealousy, all of which Mr. Angell justly condemns and thoroughly misunderstands. . . .

The foregoing is not the vapid theorizing of an isolated fanatic, but is amply sustained by recent revelations of pre-war diplomacy. Germany clashed with Russia and England over the rich oil fields of Mesopotamia and Persia. Austria's imperialist designs in the Balkans clashed with Russia's. Germany desired a foothold in Northern Africa. All belligerents subsidized their national press. German capitalism founded and financed the Pan-German League and American capitalism followed suit with the National Security League. The armament makers allied themselves with the militarists, and both supported a kept press. Each national predatory interest followed its own selfish ends; each blinded the masses and, when a clash was inevitable, French soldiers marched out to defend "la Patrie" against German soldiers who were busy defending the Fatherland against French soldiers. . . .

Mr. Angell's statement that those agencies which profit from war do so incidentally and are not at all interested in either the start or continuation of one, is logically absurd and factually incorrect. To expect Vickers, Ltd., or Bethlehem Steel not to regard war as a method for expanding their markets is to expect such rapacious interests to be guided by humanitarian principles entirely foreign to their nature. I quote from *The London Daily Telegraph* of December 23, 1916:

The rumors of peace which were current during the last week caused alarm on the New York Exchange and a sharp drop in the value of bonds. The price of wheat dropped heavily. Everybody is talking about the disasters which will occur on the conclusion of peace. . . .

In his illustration of the possible formation of thirteen separate sovereignties on the American continent, Mr. Angell disregards both economic considerations and historical facts. Once the thirteen colonies had federated, a national state and economy had been erected. Two states have not clashed, as a result, simply because they could gain no more by this maneuver than could the sales department of a factory gain by clashing with its service depart-

ment. The United States has existed, with but one major exception, as an integrated economic whole. On the one occasion in history when the economic interests of two sections did conflict, then the two sections clashed. I refer, of course, to the Civil War, when the slave power of the South conflicted with the industrial power of the North, when Ohio did fight Louisiana. The war was caused, not by "historical grievances, bitter national feuds," but by the quarrel of two systems of exploitation over the control of the machinery of government. It was a war, like all its brethren, caused by two greedy antagonistic institutions, not by a set of malevolent ideas.

Mr. Angell and a million of his colleagues may spend a lifetime attempting to extinguish sparks, but just as long as they disregard the selfish interests which manipulate public opinion, their interests will result in exactly nothing. There is but one agency capable of erecting an international society, and that is socialism. A socialism which is not international is just as much a paradox as a capitalism which is not national. All sincere internationalists and pacifists who desire their efforts to have the slightest effect have no choice—they must either embrace socialism or they must fail.

JEROME CORNFELD.

New York City.

"Relief—Model 1932"

SIR: Rose Stein's article in the September 7 issue of *The New Republic* is overly generous. Although we offered to pay taxes and interest (at 8.4 percent) we were not allowed to do so. Our home was taken from us with an actual loss of \$1,200 above what rent at the highest rate would have amounted to. This was real gain to the building and loan company, which was aided financially by the R. F. C. with a huge sum. Presumably the company paid bank interest due on its loans, with the government money. The company, notwithstanding, went into receivership, the state taking charge. The state officer has now forced us into bankruptcy by bringing suit for a deficiency judgment. The building and loan company has the house, has all our family savings over four years, and now desires some \$2,000 more. That is California law.

The state officer in charge admits he does not expect to get the money from us—as everything has already been taken—but it will "save his face" (his words) if the suit is carried through.

Here we have the choice picture of a federally assisted building and loan company through a state officer harrying citizens into bankruptcy. The bankruptcy will cost some \$200 in hard cash (to be borrowed) besides great personal distress and public embarrassment.

This is "Relief—model 1932."

EVELYN FITCH.

Los Angeles, Calif.

P. S.—That new debt will mean one more year before the family can afford dentistry and doctoring.

For the Defense of Political Prisoners

SIR: The California Branch of the National Committee for the Defense of Political Prisoners is fighting police terrorism, political imprisonment and discrimination against political prisoners within the walls of San Quentin and Folsom penitentiaries, and also cooperating to aid the Scottsboro victims of lynch sentences.

The committee here has been instrumental in obtaining the release on parole of three of the Imperial Valley prisoners during the last month, Oscar Erickson, Daniel Roxas and Tetsuji Hariuchi. The last-named was saved from deportation to Japan, where he would have faced certain imprisonment and probable death. Granted voluntary parole, under pressure, Hariuchi was sent to the Soviet Union on funds raised by the committee.

All Californians desiring to assist this work are requested to send funds to Anita Whitney, Treasurer, 74 Macondray Lane, San Francisco, California. Information as to local conditions would also be welcomed by the committee.

ORRICK JOHNS,
Secretary for Northern California.

San Francisco, Calif.

Fall Book Section

The "Universe" of T. S. Eliot

Selected Essays (1917-1932), by T. S. Eliot. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. 415 pages. \$3.50.

THE COLLECTED essays of Mr. Eliot provide a portrait of a mind that for the past twelve years has prominently played on the American literary scene. The volume contains theoretical chapters from "The Sacred Wood," eleven papers on the Elizabethan dramatists, the entire brochure on Dante, essays on the Metaphysical Poets and on Dryden, Blake, Baudelaire, Swinburne. It represents Mr. Eliot's social and theological position in the studies of Lancelot Andrewes, in "Thoughts after Lambeth," and in the two essays on Babbitt *et al.*, which did so much more to discomfit the new humanists than the lunges of their foes. And finally, it reveals the more casual man—delightfully—on topics like poetry in drama, Wilkie Collins, Dickens and Marie Lloyd. The book portrays a sensitive, richly endowed person. Itself an accumulation of comments on many matters, it suggests a review of like nature: one is tempted to pass from page to page detailing, comparing, dissenting. But the place of Mr. Eliot as a literary influence in our time, and the cultural crisis of our time, make this method inadvisable. It is important to employ the book as a means for seeing the man whole; and, having done so, to deduce a measure of his values as a leader and thereby a measure of the time which took him as a leader.

The first revelation is of a man with an exquisite, almost infallible, taste for the stuffs of literary art. Whether he touches a line of Dante or of Swinburne, a melodrama of Cyril Tourneur or of Wilkie Collins, the prosody of Baudelaire or of Blake, Mr. Eliot evinces an esthetic delight which implies true contact with his subject. This first trait is particularly distinguished in an age in which the field of literary discussion has been almost monopolized by writers who may know something of baseball or economics but who ignore the nature of literary art. The second trait of Mr. Eliot, not less pervasive but more subtly entextured in his book, is his moral sense; and this, coupled with his first, is even more rare. We have had plenty of moralists—More, Mencken, Lewisohn, are examples—writing on literature and totally insensitive to literary esthetics; we have had a few "estheticians" disclaiming the moral sense (as if esthetic form were some kind of insubstantial absolute and not an organic configuration of ordinary human experience and motive) and therefore writing with even worse futility on books. When Mr. Eliot compares lines in Massinger and Shakespeare, contrasts tropes in Dryden and Milton, draws a prosodic sequence from Donne to Shelley, he reveals, in his taste and judgment, the moral integer: he knows the *human nature* of esthetics. This moral sense is organic in the man; it is no mere acceptance of rules, it is not moralistic. Being the permeation, within his specific literary experience, of his general view of life, the moral quality in Mr. Eliot is religious. Everywhere, although he may be discussing merely a choice of verbs in Middleton, he reveals a general and definite atti-

tude toward existence taken as a whole; and this attitude, when logically formed, becomes religion.

T. S. Eliot, then, is portrayed by this book as a man with a sense of the whole, with a conviction of his place in the whole, as a man engaged in an activity (literature) for which he is fitted and to which he gives his entire equipment. Such a crystallization comes close to what Nietzsche meant by a cultural act; and in an epoch whose literary critics have been insensitive and incompetent men, it makes Mr. Eliot an exceedingly welcome figure. If, however, we turn from those contemporaries in contrast with whose nullity he looms, and measure him rather by his own subjects and by the literary exigencies of our epoch, Mr. Eliot dwindles. No single major essay in this book, for instance, can be said to be organic either as a presentation of its subject or as a literary essay. Consider the "Dante" in whose study he is at his best: every observation is exact, many a phrase stands forth a luminous gem; but the observations merely mount arithmetically into so many pages of running comment. Dante and his work are never objectified, never dimensionally recreated either in the world of Dante or in the world of T. S. Eliot. Or consider the justly admired pages on the Elizabethans: they contain glimpses both precise and profound into the art of the theater, into the poets and their world. But none of the plays, none of the dramatists, is made to stand whole, either in the epoch, in the drama, or in some total conception of the critic.

If, then, as I have stated, there is wholeness in Mr. Eliot, we are led to question what kind of wholeness it must be that can focus so superbly on details in a dozen poets and a dozen epochs, and yet fail to envelope any one of them. It is true that this failure is not always complete. In the "Baudelaire," for instance, or the "Swinburne," we obtain a kind of two-dimensional cross-section, built from the prosodic study, which we can place for ourselves in the organic milieu of the nineteenth century. But in the essays on the more cosmic men there are no dimensions beyond mere points of light. And in the studies of dynamic but little-discussed figures, the failure is disastrous. The pages on Bradley, for example, proceed without the faintest evocation of the two ideological worlds, Hegelianism and English individualism, which Bradley sought to synthesize. The chapter on Lancelot Andrewes is a mere ringing of personal responses to the old priest's music, which become sentimental and pretentious, since there is no effort to place this music in the symphony of Roman Catholic, Jewish and Arabic Exegesis, from which it was never truly independent.

T. S. Eliot, it becomes plain, is a man of integrity in the real sense of the word; but his vision is such that it can never hold more than details; and his energy is too weak to give organic form either to his subjects or to his own essays. Unlike most of his fellows, who suffer in a chaos, he lives in a "universe." But this "universe" of Mr. Eliot is evidently small and minor. It is achieved by huge and deliberate exclusions. It scarcely contacts with the modern world—the world whose radical transformations in physics, psy-

chology and economics have dissolved all the old formal values. Nor does it really embrace the past worlds with which Mr. Eliot is so sympathetic: Dantean Europe or Jacobean England. This failure of mastery even on Mr. Eliot's chosen ground is revealing. No one can understand a living past who is not actively engaged in the living present. For any past age is an integer in the creating of today, and only by conscious sharing of this evolution can the past, as part of it, be understood. Fundamentally, Mr. Eliot's subjective love of the Anglo-Catholic tradition leaves him as remote from what England really was as his distaste for modern problems leaves him remote from us—and for the same reason.

That reason brings us to the heart of our portrait. Any living world, whether it be Seneca's or Shakespeare's or our own, in so far as it lives, is dynamic; and Mr. Eliot's world is static. Wherefore, in confrontation with a chaos of dynamic forces like our modern era, a chaos which our dynamic will must meet, grapple with and mold, Mr. Eliot can only ignore; and in confrontation with dynamic worlds of the past, he can only rather sentimentally adore. His own static vision picks out details, reflects them and variates them into a kind of series, like the stills of a cinema, whose total effect may be sensitive and delightful, but cannot be organic.

This same static quality explains Mr. Eliot's loyalty to a class and a class creed. A static universe does not evolve, cannot believe in evolving. It does, however, accumulate, and its "additions" make a quantitative change—the one kind of change and of cultural contribution which Mr. Eliot admits (see his essays on "Tradition," "Individual Talent" and "The Function of Criticism"). In a static universe, transfiguration and revelation, and the capacity for these, are all stratified in the past. And this is another way of saying that Mr. Eliot's spiritual experiences, from which issue his moral and esthetic taste, although they are real, have the form not of life, but of an inherited convention. Thus Mr. Eliot, with a religious sense, conceives of no religion except the orthodox Christian; with a tragic sense, conceives of man's struggle exclusively in the cant meanings of Original Sin; with a sense of the spirit's need of discipline and order—both in society and the person—dreams of no method but that of a moneyed class ruling through Church and State.

Are such views valid, in the sense of having a relationship with reality? Is there a position from which the universe is static; in which transfiguration and revelation are past; in which Good, Evil and the given political and economic forms are absolute? The answer is Yes, in the sense that death, being real, is valid. The living world of the mind is as dynamic as the material world (they are one); there, too, the individual life must partake of the dynamism of the whole, and when it is severed from that dynamism we call it dead. The only difference is, that in the world of the mind we do not commonly employ the term "death"; we prefer to say conventional, dogmatic, static. Mr. Eliot's position is that of a man who has withdrawn from growth—in our meaning, withdrawn from life. *He* is static, his soul's transfiguration is past, whatever progress he conceives must be a mere consolidation of himself into forms already uttered. His intellectual, spiritual and poetic "life" is a rationalization of this death deep within him.

We hold, now, I believe, the key to T. S. Eliot. He is a man who has abdicated; but since he has been deeply sensitized to life, the articulation of his experience remains

an exquisite, lingering echo. Such abdicated men have always existed, and have never been vital: even in periods of cultural stability (like that of Dante, for example) the cultural whole had constantly to be recreated by dynamic men. But in our age, where stability has foundered into chaos, and where the need for spiritual growth has become absolutely identified with the bare struggle for survival, the discrepancy between a man like Mr. Eliot and adequate leadership becomes enormous.

What we have really defined in our portrait of T. S. Eliot is a type of minor poet. He is in the tradition, neither of our major poets—Poe, Whitman, Emerson—nor of the great Victorians. He is close to a cultivated and popular figure like Thomas Gray; and his "Waste Land" is a poem as good, and of the same nature, as the "Elegy." Gray also was a technical innovator with an immense appeal because he foreshadowed, unconsciously, what was to become the dominant appetite of Europe: closeness to nature. From the energy of this appetite, titans were to evolve the method for absorbing and controlling nature. But in Gray, the emotion took a reactionary form: a sentimental harking back to the values of Puritanism (and to the language of Milton). The analogy with "The Waste Land" is complete. Here, too, is technical innovation together with a vague foreshadowing of what is *now* the dominant need of the world: the need of an organic, a livable Whole in which all men and all man may function. This foreshadowed need gives to the poem its pathos, its unity and its importance. But, as in Gray, it is negatively stated by an evocation of a sentimental memory and by the use of old materials—in Mr. Eliot's case, more diffused and catholic, since no strong Milton stands immediately behind him.

The questions remain: why has Mr. Eliot been a leader and what does his leadership reveal about our literary generation? The questions are swiftly answered. Even in an age of confused standards, there is recognition of literary merit. Mr. Eliot's clarity, it is true, is achieved not by integrating the chaos that has bewildered us all, but by withdrawal. Yet to the men whom the cultural dissolution has frightened and weakened, (the majority of men) these limitations make him only more acceptable. A long time ago, I wrote of what I called "the comfort of the limit," and explained its appeal to many types of mind lost in our modern chaos. Only athletic souls can face a world that has become, perhaps more than any other era, an overwhelmingly open and darkened future. The temptation to limit this world, either by rationalistically charting its future (a disguised reactionism) or by merely advocating its reform in an image of the past, is great and manifold.

All the dogmatisms of our day are really such "limits"—such simplifications of the real. There is the dogmatism of science (the comfort of limiting reality and its mastery to problems of mechanics and addition; there is the dogmatism of cynical despair (the comfort of giving up hope and therefore struggle); there is the dogmatism of a pseudo-Marxian dialectic (the comfort of explaining the human tragedy in terms solely of a simple, solvable class struggle). And, for the weakly poetic, there is the haven of an elegiac past, like Mr. Eliot's, in which great poets still sing and sure priests thunder.

The one way of life that has no limit and affords no comfort is the way ahead—into the bitter and dark and bloody dawn of a new world, wherein mankind shall integrate without loss the stormy elements that make the chaos of our day, and its promise.

WALDO FRANK.

INVOCATION TO THE SOCIAL MUSE

Señora it is true the Greeks are dead:

It is true also that we here are Americans:

That we use the machines: that a sight of the god is
unusual:

That more people have more thoughts: that there are

Progress and science and tractors and revolutions and
Marx and the wars more antiseptic and murderous
And music in every home: there is also Hoover:

Does the lady suggest we should write it out in The Word?
Does Madame recall our responsibilities? We are
Whores Fräulein: poets Fräulein are persons of

Known vocation following troops: they must sleep with
Stragglers from either prince and of both views:
The rules permit them to further the business of neither:

It is also strictly forbidden to mix in maneuvers:
Those that infringe are inflated with praise on the plazas—
Their bones are resultantly afterwards found under news-
papers:

Preferring life with the sons to death with the fathers
We also doubt on the record whether the sons
Will still be shouting around with the old huzzas—

For we hope Lady to live to lie with the youngest:
There are only a handful of things a man likes
Generation to generation hungry or

Well fed: the earth's one: life's
One: Mister J. P. Morgan is not one:

There is nothing worse for our trade than to be in style:

He that goes naked goes farther at last than another:
Wrap the bard in a flag or a school and they'll jimmy his
Door down and be thick in his bed—for a month:

(Who recalls the address now of the Imagists?)
But the naked man has always his own nakedness:
People remember forever his live limbs:

They may drive him out of the camps but one will take him:
They may stop his tongue on his teeth with a rope's argu-
ment—

He will lie in a house and be warm when they are shaking:

Besides Tovarishch how to embrace an army?
How to take to one's chamber a million souls?
How to conceive in the name of a column of marchers?

The things of the poet are done to a man alone
As the things of love are done—or of death when he hears
the
Step withdraw on the stair and the clock tick only:

Neither his class nor his kind nor his trade may come near
him

There where he lies on his left arm and will die:
Nor his class nor his kind nor his trade when the blood is
jeering

And his knee's in the soft of the bed where his love lies:

I remind you Barinya the life of the poet is hard—
A hardy life with a boot as quick as a fiver:

Is it just to demand of us also to bear arms?

ARCHIBALD MACLEISH.

A Light in Economic Darkness

A Guide Through World Chaos, by G. D. H. Cole.
New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 586 pages. \$3.75.

THE FIRST and greatest merit of this book, as in-
deed of every book written by Mr. Cole, is its per-
fect objectivity and complete impartiality. Although he is
a socialist, Mr. Cole can write of the difficulties and prob-
lems of capitalism as though he neither wishes the introduc-
tion of socialism nor fears it. Mr. Cole also happens to be
an Englishman; he is even a member of the Economic Ad-
visory Council to the British government. But the book
before us is no more English than it is American, or Ger-
man, or Russian; it shows not a trace of national bias. The
author is obviously a citizen of the world, and the world's
welfare is his only object; particularly since his lifelong
studies have convinced him that no nation can thrive by it-
self alone in this close-knit world. The material of the
book is, indeed, derived mainly from British and American
experience, in lesser degree from German and Russian; but
that is due to the fact that these countries are the world's

leading economic units. No phenomena that have a
bearing on the existing economic situation are neglected,
whether in the Far East, in Australia or elsewhere.

In other respects, however, the book represents a de-
cided divergence from other recent books by the same au-
thor, a divergence in aim and form as well as in subject
matter and conclusions. In his earlier books, though they,
too, were mainly concerned with urgent problems of our
time, the author addressed himself primarily to the eco-
nomic student, or at any rate took for granted a consider-
able familiarity with economic phenomena on the part of
the reader. The present work addresses itself to a wider
public. It aims "to give the intelligent and open-minded
citizen, who wants to understand how the world has got
into its present plight but possesses no special economic
training, the means of unraveling in his own mind the
tangle of world economic affairs."

But Mr. Cole is not an ordinary popularizer of science.
He is an outstanding economist, a master of every branch

of his science, and even though he avoids "all abstruse and difficult discussions that are not absolutely vital to an understanding of *immediate* problems," he unrolls before the reader a vast range of subjects not ordinarily included in popular discussions of economic problems. Such topics as price movements, index numbers, money, credit and its control, banking, stock markets, trusts and cartels, foreign trade and tariffs, public finance and taxation, receive adequate and lucid treatment, but always as subsidiary to the main subject—the problems that press for immediate solution. The resulting survey is probably unique in economic literature in its happy combination of the theoretical with the practical, concrete and immediate.

In thus acknowledging the high merits of the book, I would not imply that I unreservedly accept each and every one of its statements and conclusions. For instance, when Mr. Cole defines the "economic process" as having for its object the promotion of "human happiness," he seems to me to resort to inadmissible abstractions, which can only becloud the mind of the unwary reader. The economic process—of which society? Human happiness—in what terms? The definition obviously does not apply to capitalist society, nor to any other society based on class divisions; it is an ethical, not an economic proposition. In Roman society the object of the economic process was to provide a feast for Lucullus.

Perhaps it is a similar abstraction from the concrete social-historical framework that is responsible for the statement that there is no "rational explanation which will cover both the failure of the Romans to hit on the methods of large-scale production, and the success of the modern world. It happened so; and that is almost all we can say." One need not believe that chance never plays a role in history in order to assert that in a society based on slavery there was neither an adequate supply of free wage-laborers to be employed in large-scale production, nor a sufficiently extended market to absorb its products. Nor, in fact, did the masters have any motive for the accumulation of wealth other than ostentation and political power.

In his discussion of money and credit, Mr. Cole accounts for the fall in prices through the last quarter of the nineteenth century by the extensive adoption of the gold standard, and for their subsequent rise from 1896 to 1914 by the increase in gold production; he seems to forget the opening up, in the first period, of new lands and new sources of raw materials in the United States and elsewhere, and the disappearance in the United States of no-rent land in the second period. In general, too, it seems to me that he fails to see that the circulation of money, both in quantity and velocity, is but a reflection of the circulation of commodities, and when the latter stagnates, as in the present crisis, money disappears—whether into private hoards or into bank vaults.

It is decidedly interesting to follow Mr. Cole on "trade cycles," a subject now uppermost in men's minds. He does not believe in the theory that the trade cycle is "the automatic and incorrigible accompaniment of modern business enterprise." He rejects the psychological explanation on the excellent ground that "both confidence and pessimism are reactions of men's minds to objective facts"; also the purely monetary explanation, for one reason among others, that it is impossible to identify the violent price movements from boom to depression with variations in the world supply of gold. The generally admitted fact that in times of prosperity wages lag behind profits may, he thinks, account for the slump; but he holds that "any theory of the trade cycle that is to be recognized as valid, must [also] explain

why slumps end." For his part, he thinks that slumps never end except through deliberate policy or occurrence of some fortunate event, like the discovery of new gold fields, the opening up of undeveloped areas, the rapid exploitation of some great invention. That a revival might occur through the destruction of capital that takes place in every crisis, the exhaustion of existing supplies and the need for replenishing them, he seems not to admit.

In his account of Marxism, Mr. Cole attributes to Marx the idea that, under capitalism, labor is "wrongfully" treated as a commodity to be bought and sold, and that the capitalist appropriates an "undue" share in the increasing product of industry. Both of these ideas, essentially ethical and not economic, are the very opposite of Marxism; concerning the latter, at least, Mr. Cole can have Marx's own word for it in the Gotha Letter, with which he is familiar. (Indeed, Mr. Cole seems to know of this passage in the Letter, though he inadvertently ascribes it to another of Marx's writings.) Concerning the question of proletarian dictatorship, Mr. Cole quite correctly sides with the Communists as against the Social Democrats, in the assertion that it is a distinctly Marxian conception of social revolution.

One of the most interesting points in this book is Mr. Cole's own changed point of view from an earlier but quite recent book, "British Trade and Industry." In the latter he proposed, not indeed too hopefully, a series of reforms for the revival of capitalism, but refrained from making any socialist proposals for the reason that such proposals were outside the range of practical politics. In the present book, too, he puts forward measures for the reformation of capitalism, but with even less hope, since they would imply a radical change in the nature of capitalism; on the other hand, he also projects distinctly socialist proposals, with social transformation as the conscious goal. Apparently, he now regards socialist measures to be within the range of practical politics. This change of attitude is clearly due to the deepening of the world crisis and to the progress of the Five Year Plan in the Soviet Union; but there are intimations that the failure of the British Labor party has also had something to do with it. Mr. Cole has now arrived at the definite conviction that Socialist party policy, as it has been pursued in the post-war era, must of necessity fail.

HERMAN SIMPSON.

This Criterion of Ours

This Country of Yours, by Morris Markey. Boston: Little, Brown and Company. 322 pages. \$3.

MR. MARKEY'S fellow craftsmen realize with half a glance that there is good reporting in this book. All good reporting deserves to be praised with the words Mr. Markey uses to characterize the Old South: "half truth that has become fiction and half fiction that has become truth." When this excellent reporter tours and describes the nation, he inevitably encounters: (1) the eminent physician who, as the headline writer would say, Bares Own Quackeries; (2) the lonely woman in the Dakotas who, when asked how long it has been since she was away from the farm, obligingly replies, "Two years ago—my father died, and I went to the funeral"; (3) the United States Senator who, after much Dry oratory at the club bar, falls down drunk; and (4) the speakeasy bartender who "looked like a thug until you saw that he had a really sentimental pair of eyes," and who accordingly refuses to let a customer blow all his "kid's money" on this

punk booze." However, as Mr. Markey told the narrator of a good yarn in Michigan, one is glad that there is "still a crop of tall tales left in the land"; and it is heartening to know that a mass-circulation magazine printed much of the substance of this book in articles; the ladies who read McCall's must have gained benefit from his agile discourse concerning their country.

Perhaps the most significant question raised by Mr. Markey's enterprise is: what is the implicit criterion by which he judges the people of America? Mr. Markey states on page 104: "My own standard for a civilized human being is that he shall have knowledge of men and affairs, an ordered intelligence, a discriminating taste and urbanity in his behavior."

This is a persuasive statement of an ideal of low-pulsed benevolent passivity much current among the writing folk today. The catchword "civilized" is illuminated by this book's slightly self-conscious propagandizing for New York's "thirty thousand speakeasies . . . the center of life outside the home," and by Mr. Markey's romantic insistence that in his favorite speakeasy the proprietors are "good Italian family men both of them, with wives and children in Brooklyn." As for "urbanity," he triumphantly assures his readers that he has never "visited the Statue of Liberty or Grant's Tomb or the top of the Empire Building." Then, in the account of our urban reporter's discussions with the people of the Republic, there is to be observed an incessant mild agitation for "tolerance," another catchword of this school. This amiable quality is not the fierce positive toleration of dangerous intellectual freedom for which John Milton and the great early Protestants fought. It is rather a curiously mild negativism, often associated with a sentimentalized and almost wholly imaginary Catholicism. It amounts to a belief that all would be well if a sort of genial Irish cop's doctrine of live and let live were to prevail, permitting all of us to indulge wistful peccadillos of conduct and so to become by gentle stages the most ferociously horned of the herbivori, the most reconditely hoofed. Rely upon it, too, that when a careful investigator swathed in this philosophy goes forth and questions hundreds upon hundreds of Americans, he returns to assure us sincerely, as Mr. Markey does on page 308: "Only one man said that his church, his God, was a prop to him."

R. L. BURGESS.

The Man of Order

Metternich, by Arthur Herman. New York: The Century Company. 370 pages. \$5.

ONLY THOSE," Talleyrand said in an often quoted sentence, "who lived in Europe before the French Revolution have really experienced *la douceur de vivre*." There were those, like Talleyrand himself, who deliberately set out to destroy that "sweetness of living," and there were those, like the younger Mirabeau, a character in Mr. Herman's pages, who resisted the great change feebly and fatuously, but it is safe to say that no person of European importance so effectively resisted, so superbly vanquished, the liberal and revolutionary spirit as the statesman who is the subject of this book.

Metternich was at once the symbol and the arbiter of restoration. He spoke, and lo! there was no light. Like an eighteenth-century Josue, in flowered waistcoat instead of antique cuirass, he held up his hand to the rising sun and the sun stood still. He commanded all Europe to put the clock back, and to the eyes of liberals everywhere

there was darkness over the face of the earth because of him. This hour of suspended progress, moreover, was prolonged for well nigh forty years. Naturally, he has been greatly disliked as a politician and as a man, then and since; but he was a commanding and significant figure in the realm of European relationships, and it is exceedingly difficult to understand his period without first attempting to understand him.

The conversations with George Ticknor which form one of the most interesting sections of Mr. Herman's long book present the great absolutist in an attractive light. "It is true," said Metternich to this American fresh from Harvard, "that I do not like democracies . . . for democracy is always a decomposing principle; it tends to separate men. Monarchy is the only government fitted to my mind. . . . I am aware that your own country could never have made so much progress in so short a time under any other than a democratic system, for democracy creates rivalships of all kinds, and carries them forward fast by the principle of competition. Hence it is a truth (*vérité*) . . . for America. In Europe it is a falsehood, and I hate falsehood. . . . You will go on much further in democracy" (this was just subsequent to the Jacksonian revolution). "I do not know where you will end, or it will end; but it cannot end in a rich or quiet or ripe maturity." And Ticknor goes on to quote with relish, for Ticknor belonged to the Good Old Party of his day: "*C'est toujours avec le lendemain que mon esprit lutte*."—It is always with the morrow that my spirit wrestles."

In the light of that great Metternichian axiom, one regards his forty years' achievement with a sense of its ultimate futility. Yet was he such a complete failure, all things considered? For one thing, he was the magnanimous patron of men of science and letters, wholly regardless of whether he might detest their political sentiments. He admired Byron, who devoted his life to attacking everything which Metternich esteemed; he accorded a half-distrustful protection to Goethe, distrustful because Goethe was a potential German nationalist; and the great Ranke has him to thank for opening the secret archives of Vienna and Venice. "Luckily," he said, "my police don't know how liberally I think, or they would denounce me to His Majesty." His chief defect, as he grew into graceful and garrulous old age, was a stupendous identification of himself with the principle of Order for which he strove. "Good God," he would exclaim, "how right I am!" As with so many of his generation, an easy-going, sunny Voltairean temperament was transformed into one of religious rigidity, so that his enemies twitted him with seeking God because the Latter is also, in His way, an absolutist. Even the Jesuits, it seemed to the aging Metternich, had been right all the time; were they not also on the side of the angels and the ministers of Order? There was but one thing for which he would never stand: a Pope who was pro-French. Fortunately for the papacy, the election of Pius IX all but coincided with Metternich's dramatic fall after thirty-eight years as political and spiritual arbiter of a continent. During that time he had established the hegemony of Vienna over the other Germanies, and over much of Europe. Yet one of the strange contradictions in this commanding and fascinating figure is that in his heart he was not Austrian at all but a cosmopolitan German of the old regime, with the dancing wine of his native Rhineland in the blood. All his life he had the nostalgia for the South, just as he had the sense of the past. His nature, he said, was like that of the orange tree, and needed its climate to bring forth good fruit. "*Kennst du das Land . . . ?*"

CUTHBERT WRIGHT.

"Inheritance," "Sons" and Other Recent Novels

Inheritance, by Phyllis Bentley. New York: The Macmillan Company. \$2.50.

IN 1812 Mr. Oldroyd was plotting to install frames in his cloth mill in the Ire Valley in defiance of the men who worked for him. The Luddites were organized then, and they were desperate, for they had the alternative of smashing the new frames before they were installed or starving to death afterwards. Mr. Oldroyd tricked them, got the frames into the mill, and they killed him. Three of the Luddites were betrayed by one of their comrades, and were hanged. One of the hanged men was Joe Bamforth, who was really innocent; his livelihood had not been threatened by the machines, but he had joined the Luddites because he understood them and sympathized with them—for many vague reasons, in fact, but principally from a sense of allegiance to members of his own class and a feeling that he should share the dangers that threatened them.

This is the general pattern of "Inheritance." The same conflict takes place in each generation, however the terms of it are changed. At first the fight is against the machines, then it is for political power for the workers, then for recognition of the trade unions. But no matter what specific form the conflict takes, in each case the Oldroyds as manufacturers are lined up against the workers and against their own radical, unselfish, "idealistic" cousins of the line of Joe Bamforth. "Inheritance" covers a hundred and twenty years of this conflict; it also covers the growth and decline of the Oldroyd fortune and the historical development of the English textile industry.

It is a work of considerable scope, and it has a good deal to recommend it. The picture it gives of the industrial revolution—with the exception of the scenes laid in the present—is convincing; one feels that the motives and responses Phyllis Bentley ascribes to her characters are close to what the social equivalents of these characters actually experienced. The story is lively and interesting; there is a good deal of movement in it and there are a dozen really fine characterizations. Even the technical descriptions of the processes of manufacture aren't dull or confusing, as such descriptions usually are in fiction. And, if for no other reason, Phyllis Bentley ought to be commended for having gotten new blood out of that terrible old turnip, the English family chronicle—surely, in most cases, one of the most tedious of all forms of fiction.

But what is extraordinary about "Inheritance" is the way the story suddenly collapses in the last few chapters, those covering the developments after the War. It is a real collapse: what happens has only a slight relation to what has gone before; the characters grow dim and the sources of their actions obscure or unreal; even the quality of the writing drops appreciably. No doubt the qualities that lead to the lamentable conclusion are implicit all through the novel, for the parts of a work of art can't be arbitrarily dissociated, but it is only at the end that the weakness becomes strikingly apparent. All the way through, the author reveals a certain bias in favor of the Oldroyds in the class warfare she describes, but the bias never seems important because she also shows a skeptical detachment from the Oldroyds, and a keen insight into the economic sources of their middle-class prejudices and beliefs. The workers get only a fragmentary attention; their discontent is always a little inexplicable and the occasional outbreaks of violence a release of some sinister and ominous force.

That, of course, is the way the Oldroyds see them, and the way the Bamforths, although they are more sympathetic and humane, see them too. But near the end the class struggle disappears from the story; the Oldroyds have been wiped out in the depression, and the mills and the family estate taken over by the banks. As they are leaving the valley the son leaps from the train and returns; he has been reading the family history and he decides that the conflict between capital and labor has created the present ruin, and that some sort of reconciliation between the two interests is needed; he has a confused idea of interpreting the two parties to each other.

Coming after the violent clashes that have been described before, and the knowledge of social realities they reveal, this solution is no less than ridiculous. Though it is very much the sort of nonsense the romantic son of a recently impoverished manufacturer might think of under the circumstances, it isn't presented satirically, but as a fervent hope. What has actually happened, to use the kind of explanation Phyllis Bentley has employed elsewhere in the novel, is that the manufacturing class to which the Oldroyds belong has been dispossessed by the financiers, in the same way that a few generations before the landed aristocracy was dispossessed by the manufacturers. But the class struggle is evidently only useful for explaining what happened a long time ago, not for anything going on at the present time; and the result is a forced, uncongenial ending tacked on to a work which otherwise has dignity and power.

ROBERT CANTWELL.

Sons, by Pearl S. Buck. New York: The John Day Company. \$2.50.

"SONS" is a good book and a not unworthy successor to "The Good Earth," though both have defects which reflect the limitations of the author's missionary background rather than any weakness either in her power of observation or literary ability.

Mrs. Buck displays a clearer and more intimate understanding of Chinese character types and their ways of life than any other Western author within my knowledge. Wang Lung the farmer, his wife O-lan, and his three sons, Wang the landlord, Wang the merchant, Wang the Tiger, and such minor characters as Lotus, Pear Blossom and many others, are living personalities as well as types; they appear so real to me that I cannot resist the temptation to search my memory for their prototypes among my acquaintances at home. Despite minor inaccuracies (such as the statement on page 225 that the magistrate does not know of the corruption in his own court), the book conveys a general impression of authenticity which puts to shame such fantastic stupidities as are to be found in the Fu Manchu type of novel.

This impression of authenticity is due as much to Mrs. Buck's intelligent selection of material as to the marvelous literary medium which she has chosen, or rather created. Her style reminds me of the paintings of the great Castiglione, who produced a new type of art by introducing Chinese technique into his work. Mrs. Buck not only relates an entertaining story in so many words, but she also does it in a characteristic Chinese fashion, so that the very way of telling the tale, the arrangement of material and method of emphasis, all convey an impression that is distinctly Chinese. To those familiar with the literary treas-

ures of China, the influence on the author of such great Chinese novels as "The Story of the Three Kingdoms" and "Shui Fu Chuan" (which I understand Mrs. Buck is now engaged in translating) is evident. Much local color is added by the introduction of Chinese terms, such as "the fire wagon" for train. The book also owes its beauty and distinctiveness of style to the countless Chinese expressions which can be found on almost every page.

Mrs. Buck's talent has enabled her to make the best use of her knowledge of the Chinese language and literature, although there are times when she borrows certain usages of the feudal Chinese novel with unfortunate results. (The intelligent reader must have suspected that the tedious, mechanical repetition of anger displayed by the war lord before every deliberate act of violence or warfare is the product of some archaic literary form.) But on the whole, the author has created a medium which is excellently suited to her material, and has thus achieved a unity of content and form which is the essence of good writing.

There is, however, a far more important question in connection with this book than its authenticity and style. Neither "The Good Earth" nor "Sons" can be treated merely as stories without sociological significance. The main purpose of the author, as she herself admits, is to trace the "long wavelike motion of rise and fall of families characteristic of the civilization of the Orient." In other words, she set out to write a sociological novel, or rather a series of such novels. Thanks to her excellent power of observation and her unusual knowledge of Chinese conditions, she has partially succeeded in portraying representative social types, and in bringing out the philosophy of the petty-bourgeois farmer who worships his land, his chief means of production, and who treats the increase of landed property in his own family as the sole purpose of life. She has also succeeded in emphasizing the great value which most Chinese attach to family continuity, and the personal, dynastic and feudalistic attitude of the Chinese war lord toward his position and responsibilities.

But any picture of Chinese society would lack a most vital factor if it did not take into full consideration a basic fact—that is, the influence of imperialism with all its implications. Mrs. Buck's missionary background here asserts itself in an outstanding fashion. The great role played by the agents of foreign business interests and imperialist governments in the making and unmaking of war lords, as well as in the basic alignments in civil wars, is notorious, but Mrs. Buck leaves this entirely out of the picture. Instead, she seeks to find the cause of civil wars in "the difference in temper and even in blood and language" between the war lords of north and those of south China—an explanation utterly superficial as well as incorrect.

There is another basic feature in Chinese society which Mrs. Buck passes over lightly, though it deserves extensive treatment in a book of this kind. I refer to the relation between the landlord and the tenant. Wang, the absentee landlord, lazy, self-indulgent, spineless in dealing with members of his family and his own kind, but vicious and cruel in dealing with his tenants, is well drawn. So are his sons. The misery of the mass of the people is realistically presented. But even a careful reader gets no idea of the effect produced on the overwhelming majority of the Chinese peasantry by the semi-feudal land system; and the author of this peasant chronicle fails to stress the relation of usury to the rise and fall of the peasant family. This relationship between the land system and the miserable condition of the Chinese peasantry is the key to the understanding of the village life of China in our genera-

tion. It has already found expression in the gigantic struggles for the establishment of Soviet rule in the south and rent and tax strikes in the north of China; and a new type of Chinese peasant, militant and conscious of his revolutionary mission, has emerged. Mrs. Buck refers to this only vaguely, and the limitations of her social background and environment prevent her from catching the spirit of this vital aspect of contemporary Chinese life.

CH'AO-TING CHI.

Three Brothers and Seven Daddies, by Harry Harrison Kroll. New York: Ray Long and Richard R. Smith. \$2.

AN AMUSING melodrama of Southern mountain people, this novel is out of the ordinary in its isolation from the general literary movements of our time. It is in the spirit of Mark Twain's novels, with only a few modern complications that Twain wouldn't have used, and with some episodes of the sort he used more effectively. Leaf Gillian gets a reputation as a prophet among the valley people, and all sorts of accidents bolster his reputation in spite of himself. There is a series of remarkable coincidences, working up to a climax when Leaf and his girl get lost in a cave and the hero's most extravagant prophecy is fulfilled. The author's first novel, "The Cabin in the Cotton," was a serious study of the class struggle among a group of tenant farmers. Although this latest work is less satisfying, it indicates that Mr. Kroll's talent is fresh, varied, experimental and potentially important.

R. C.

Light in August, by William Faulkner. New York: Harrison Smith and Robert Haas. \$2.50.

AT THE present time, most of the interesting writers are cautiously feeling their way with a realism that reduces the scope of their work in an effort toward absolute honesty. William Faulkner is in strong contrast to this tendency; his risk is considerable. He fills the realistic scene with drama; his characters are moved by exceptional and perverse impulses; their lives proceed toward violent ends. His powerfully individual books are written in a prose that at its best is poetic, at its worst confused and tedious. He has been highly praised; the strange, fervent quality of his work compared to the great Russians. But one feels that what is with them an evangelical force is with Faulkner a savage weariness with the puppets he means to destroy.

"Light in August," his sixth or seventh novel, combines all the faults and some of the interesting qualities of his previous books. For instance the lack of unity in the handling of diverse themes is so marked as to seem a willful misleading of the reader. The extravagant style becomes ridiculous when, as often in four hundred pages, it is applied to the commonplace. It is hardly a supple medium. Much of the violence appears to be as formal a matter as in an Elizabethan "tragedy of blood." On the other hand, when describing a situation which justifies his elaborate prose, Faulkner controls the rhetoric so that it becomes an ideal expression of his nervous intensity. And he has a rare feeling for the poetry of rural speech; he indicates, contrasts, the difference in tempo of neighboring ways of life in the South with a perception that identifies him seriously with his country.

The story opens and ends with the migrations of a young country girl in search of her seducer. Neither she nor the man, however, is a principal character of the book. The central situation is the effort of Joe Christmas—believing

himself, probably rightly, to have a taint of Negro blood—to escape that influence. His wandering, uncertain, sullen life culminates in an affair with a middle-aged Northern woman. She is an eccentric spinster living in the South, the last of a family of Abolitionists, alien and hated in that environment. Of course the affair ends tragically for them both. But there are other stories, not contributing to this, or contributing in the vaguest way, told in detail, with minute explanations going back to events that occurred perhaps generations before. These threads, or rather patches, constantly interrupt the pattern.

This is a long book; to me it reduces itself in importance to those chapters dealing with the strange, inevitably shifting relation of the thwarted, masculine woman with a suspicious outcast, essentially as starved and ingrown as herself. In Faulkner it is life that is inevitable; death is a clumsy stage property, a conventional dismissal of accumulated tension. It is because he can leave his action suspended in the short story that I think him more successful with that form; the contrast between the real implications of growth and change and the bravura of his imposed finality disappears. I find in all his work this importance of the fragment, this artificiality of the whole. "Light in August" is an ambitious attempt at an imposing form. For me, its ambition is the measure of its failure.

EVAN SHIPMAN.

Desire, by Jean Fayard. Translated by Warre B. Wells. New York: The Century Company. \$2.

IT WOULD be interesting to know why this novel, "Mal d'Amour" in the original French, won the 1931 Goncourt Prize over so immensely superior a work as "Saint Saturnin" by Jean Schlumberger, to mention no other book that was eligible for the Prize that year. Perhaps the judges reacted against the intellectuality prevailing in the *Nouvelle Revue Française* type of fiction which "Saint Saturnin" exemplifies. Certainly "Desire" bases its appeal on emotion rather than intellect. The story, singularly lacking in conflict and suspense, concerns the cycle of a young man's love for an artist's model. The setting is modern, but the central emotion is not so far removed from that of Daudet's "Sapho." M. Fayard writes with a disarming sincerity, but his novel has not much point at this time.

GERALD SYKES.

The Saint and Mary Kate, by Frank O'Connor. New York: The Macmillan Company. \$2.

SINCE the Celtic Renaissance, there have been two parallel strains in Irish writing. The older of these has found its orientation in the ancient legends and has been largely characterized by mystical attitudes. A newer and now more vigorous strain can be described by a general word like "realism." The material of the realists is contemporary—life in cities and rural areas, industrialization, the social problems that result from the Civil War, and the like. The writing of most Irish realists is strongly confessional. One feels that even when the authors do not intrude themselves as characters, their books are a direct treatment of personal problems and an almost unqualified expression of their own prejudices. Hence, that note of sardonic bitterness and that tendency towards self or racial destruction to be noted in Joyce and O'Casey, in the melodramas of O'Flaherty, and in books like Macnamara's "The Valley of the Squinting Windows" or even Stephens' "Etched in Moonlight." A variation from this confessional realism is exemplified in the novels of Peadar O'Donnell,

in Corkery's "The Threshold of the Quiet" and, now, in "The Saint and Mary Kate."

There is a sensitive tenderness in Mr. O'Connor's book that overrides its patches of irony. Likewise, because of his skillful use of indirection, he is able to portray that melodrama and extravagance so apparent in many Irish lives without being himself melodramatic. The background of his novel is a tenement in the town of Cork that bulges with the sorrows and pitifulness of the poor. The two principal characters are Mary Kate and Phil, whose hopeful youth stands out in contrast to the frustrations of the older people they know.

Mary Kate McCormick, born out of wedlock, has been allowed to spring into womanhood without care from her babyish, anti-social, trivial mother and her slatternly aunt. She loves Phil Dinan, the son of a charwoman. His mother literally kills herself by working in loneliness to give Phil an education. Mary Kate goes to Dublin to live with her ostensible father, and she gets on there, but Phil, reading her letters, is scandalized by the life Nick McCormick has opened up for her. He journeys to Dublin and rescues her, and they tramp home to Cork. On their return journey, they sleep in a deserted castle. The corpse of a vagabond musician is dropped, almost at their feet. A crone comes in with her feverish daughter. The daughter has just had a baby, and Mary perceives that the crone has drowned it. This sudden revelation of the unpleasantness of life is a shared experience tending to draw the boy and girl together and, when they return, their love almost flowers. But Phil, the Saint, is driven by a strong Catholic devotion; and he is intensely striving to build his will power so that he can control his passions. Mary Kate and his experiences on the road threaten to destroy his methodical habits, and he leaves, incognito, to rebuild them.

Mr. O'Connor's book is serious and genuine. Its strongest pages are those which retail the pitiful and almost heart-breaking lives of the poor. He is, unquestionably, an Irish novelist who should be read.

JAMES T. FARRELL.

Mars in Wonderland

The Nation at War, by General Peyton C. March. New York: Doubleday, Doran and Company. 417 pages. \$3.

IN THE army's hierarchy, the chief of staff is the apex. There is nobody above him except the Secretary of War, the President and perhaps God. He is a military pontiff whose doctrine of war is infallible until changed by the next chief of staff, who is equally infallible, *pro tem*. Above all—and this is what makes General March's "Nation at War" so interesting—he is the military superior of the commander in the field. Pershing took orders from March, and not for a moment does the wartime chief of staff let his readers forget it.

The March book implies a good deal more than it says about Pershing; but it says a good deal, and says it pretty plainly. Originally Pershing's subordinate as Artillery Commander of the First Army, General March was recalled to the United States as acting Chief of Staff. Later he was promoted to be a "four-starred" general, and his appointment as chief of staff was made permanent. In this position, the most important in the army, he served in Washington throughout the War as titular and administrative head of the largest force ever raised by the United States. He had been under Pershing's command. He had

also (although he does not say so) been one of the officers passed over by Roosevelt when that President gave Pershing his sensational promotion from captain to brigadier-general in 1906. He suffered from congressional delay before attaining the permanent four-starred rank which was promptly bestowed on Pershing. Furthermore, staff administration in Washington during the March regime was rather harshly criticized in General Pershing's "My Experiences in the World War." Under the circumstances, it is only natural that General March should take frequent occasion to emphasize the success of staff work at home, and that he should exhibit a very considerable bluntness in setting forth certain shortcomings in the commander of the A.E.F.

Pershing, he believes, was professionally handicapped by his sudden advance in rank under the Roosevelt administration, and was thus at a disadvantage in his relations with other Allied commanders. "The career of every great general in the World War was based upon a thorough knowledge of all the elements of his command, acquired by long service in all the grades of the army; and General Pershing had no opportunity to acquire this knowledge." If syllogisms mean anything, this means that Pershing was not a great success.

In General March's opinion, the A.E.F. commander's objections to Generals Wood, Sibert, Goethals and Bliss, who "represented a higher average of ability than any other four men in the United States Army at that time," is evidence of "a marked fear of men whom he recognized as men of great ability." (His own attitude toward the talented quartet, says General March dryly, "was precisely the opposite.") Pershing, he thinks, showed the same fear of ability in his relationship to Marshal Foch, and the differences between the two commanders were accentuated by Pershing's "profound ignorance of French military policy, curious in a regular officer of such high rank, and peculiarly unfortunate in one whose position, which brought him into daily association with the French military leaders, demanded the most exact knowledge on his part of the French military effort and character."

Whatever attitude professional soldiers assume on the battlefield, they invariably assume the defensive in their books. General March is at special pains to refute General Pershing's aspersions on the general organization of the army at home. Many of the delays and difficulties which arose were due, he thinks, to Pershing's habit of changing his mind after a program had been decided and work had been started. There were "literally hundreds and hundreds of changes" in airplane models, for which "Pershing and Company" were responsible. Pershing failed to grasp the speed with which soldiers can be trained under war conditions and was therefore slow in getting his troops into action. As a former cavalryman he had an exaggerated idea of the value of this arm, and actually requested the despatch of eight cavalry regiments to France. Incidentally, he proposed the appointment of one of his own officers in place of General March.

"The Nation at War" is by no means light reading, but it is clearly written, terse and vigorous. Far from being a mere diatribe, it is a record of the daily effort of the War Department—"the real support which made victory in France possible"—the far from dull details of finding men for a vast army, training them, arming them and shipping them to France. Political efforts to get favors or commissions were promptly squelched, so that one principal curse of armies was for the first time avoided in an American war. The general staff was reorganized and, after twenty-four hours of the March regime, staff officers be-

gan to work night as well as day so that unopened mailbags no longer cluttered the corridors. Troop movements were speeded up. Ships were snatched almost out of thin air, and were so packed that men had to occupy their bunks in relays. In one day 225,000 draft cases were dealt with—more than in a year of the Civil War. Purchasing and manufacturing were organized on an enormous scale and, at the close of the War, plans were made to avoid abuses in that next war for which general staffs must cynically plan. Incidentally, the general staff was sufficiently foresighted to call off its gigantic plans several days before the Armistice, while Pershing still clamored for troops.

JOHN BAKELESS.

G. H. Mead: Philosopher of the Here and Now

The Philosophy of the Present, by George Herbert Mead. Edited by Arthur E. Murphy, with prefatory remarks by John Dewey. Chicago: Open Court Publishing Company. 239 pages. \$3.

THE LATE Professor Mead, though a professed pragmatist, was at heart a metaphysician. Like all metaphysicians he was interested in the sweep, the pervasive, fundamental features of the world, the groundwork of everything that is. The metaphysician tries to disentangle the eternal from the temporal, find the universal in the singular and present a standpoint from which the world, in all its diabolic complexity, can be best understood. He can get little sustenance from other disciplines, not only because he must justify and thus cannot borrow from them, not only because his objects are all to be found in his own direct experience, but because his method and his objective are radically different.

Undoubtedly scientists have influenced philosophers. Bruno had his Copernicus, Descartes his Galileo, Kant his Newton and Dewey had his Darwin. Whatever is permanent in the work of these philosophers, however, is precisely those aspects which are free from the presuppositions which their contemporary science so gallantly cherished. The contemporary scientific discussion focuses attention on a particular set of metaphysical problems peculiarly relevant to the leading questions dominating scientific thought. But the philosopher, mindful of his task, robs them of their contemporaneity to make them eternal, dislocating them from their artificial setting in the special disciplines. In the very last period of his life, Professor Mead was interested in providing a common metaphysical ground for modern physics, biology, history and social science and he pursued his task with a refreshing unconcern for many of the doctrines that the high priests of science had sanctified.

Two difficulties beset these special sciences. The first involves the reconciliation of constant novelty with the supposition that there is a complete determination of the present by the past. This difficulty, which lies behind the theories of quantum mechanics, evolution and human causation, Professor Mead attempted to resolve through his treatment of time.

Common sense views the past as a series of events, fixed and unalterable, frozen into rigidity through the miracle of time. It is a dead past, independent of the present, yet determinative of it; located nowhere in the cosmos, yet vital to its being; preserving a steadfast character irrespective of any advance in knowledge. But common sense is at a loss to fathom the occurrence of the novel. It cannot

explain the effectiveness of the past in the present, nor the nature of it so far as it is independent of knowledge. This dead past of common sense, having no metaphysical locus, empty of meaning and methodologically useless, has been entirely abandoned by Professor Mead. For him there is no past apart from a present. His Philosophy of the Present is a philosophy of the here and a philosophy of the now, interpreting both the distant and the absent in terms of what is present.

It has, to be sure, been a tenet of modern pragmatists that the future and the past are to be understood in terms of the present. But the novelty of Mead's view consists in the translation of this methodological point into a metaphysical doctrine. The pragmatists have recognized that all our evidence, all our verifications, all our theories, are spun out of what we directly experience. But Professor Mead has gone further to hold that the past, like the future, has no existence and that no meaning can be given to it except in relation to an experienced present. Every present yields a really new past; from this new past present novelties follow by necessity. My boyhood is what it is because of what I now am, and this reconstructed boyhood explains me as I am. Next week my boyhood will be different, for I will have changed. The past is a mental construct which explains the occurrence of the new and permits us to plan for the future by making the recurrence of the novel possible. The task of science is to unravel that past which is implicit in the new presents, and to anticipate the future in terms of what it has uncovered. Only the present is real, and both the past and future are to be found in it.

The present, however, is not only now, but also here. Distant objects, for Mead, are merely symbols for contactual experience. The whole perceived universe dwindles into a sign of what we can directly possess. He objects with much point to the wedding of time and space accomplished by modern physicists, because it does not permit the interpretation of distant objects in terms of contactual experience, and because it makes meaningless the notion of a thing, to which even the relativist must constantly recur to support the theory that things do not exist.

The second difficulty which besets the special sciences and which is at the roots of relativity, epistemology and sociology, is concerned with the reconciliation of the necessity for transcending unique points of view with the impossibility of getting a transcendent but experienceable pattern. Professor Mead's solution is to be found in his discussion of "sociality." Unfortunately here he is most obscure, though even more original. He writes as if through a haze, and one can catch but the faint outline of what he intended. His formulation and approach to these two problems in these four uncompleted, unrevised, posthumous Carus Lectures and in the five supplementary essays thoughtfully included by the editor, mark him unmistakably, however, as one of the most original of contemporary American philosophers.

Sociality, for Professor Mead, is at the foundation of relativity, which is merely an extreme case of a more cosmic phenomenon. Sociality is the explanation of the origin of life, mind and society and is inseparably linked with the occurrence of the novel. It is a basic cosmic fact, "the capacity for being several things at once . . . so that its presence in a later system changes its character in the earlier system to which it belongs." Bodies are at rest and in motion; an animal is a physical object, but it is also alive. Professor Mead has tried to indicate how sociality, in the narrower sense of an individual seeing himself through the eyes of others, must have evolved from such wider "social facts." He died, unfortunately, before he had the oppor-

tunity to make his point quite clear. His work as a whole must be rewritten before its doctrine can become a dogma; it is now little more than a suggestion for some future pragmatist with a flair for metaphysics. In its present form, however, it should be read not only by metaphysicians, but also by those interested in the philosophies of history, law and the social sciences, for these subjects badly need the thought of one who took time seriously, without sacrificing the whole world in order to save man.

PAUL WEISS.

Vanity Fair

More Merry-Go-Round: Another Ride on the Washington Merry-Go-Round, by the Same Authors. New York: Liveright, Inc. 482 pages. \$3.

Sons of the Wild Jackass, by Ray Tucker and Frederick R. Barkley. Boston: L. C. Page and Company. 410 pages. \$3.

Smash the Political Machine, by Harold Rowntree and Beatrice McCree. New York: Brentano's. 250 pages. \$2.

Why Hoover Faces Defeat, by Robert S. Allen. New York: Brewer, Warren and Putnam. 118 pages. \$1.50.

Making a President, by Henry L. Mencken. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 202 pages. \$1.50.

THESE are all books for the "outs," and except for the earnest efforts of Harold Rowntree and Beatrice McCree in "Smash the Political Machine," they make such pleasant and even racy reading that they may well effect some damage upon the "ins."

Mr. Rowntree is described on the book jacket as a successful industrialist who has passed the allotted span of three score and ten; until recently he was an ardent believer in prohibition. His young collaborator, Beatrice McCree, is a journalist. Together they contend that the political machine is rotten, that no self-respecting voter ought to have anything to do with machine candidates; and they conclude that we must select only good and honest characters for public office.

But some good and honest men are holding office today, we are told in a book by another pair of collaborators. Ray Tucker of The New York World-Telegram and Frederick R. Barkley of The Baltimore Evening Sun, both Washington correspondents, have written a series of portraits revealing in a very favorable light those Senators whom George Moses called the "Sons of the Wild Jackass." And the publisher, also a good and honest man, contributes a preface in which he explains that these portraits were more than he bargained for. When he ordered the manuscript, he hadn't realized that he was about to sponsor a book that praised such public enemies, such perils to the welfare of the State, as Senators Norris, La Follette, Costigan and Cutting.

"Making a President" is a short book and an amusing one. It consists of the daily news reports which H. L. Mencken sent to The Baltimore Sun from the Republican and Democratic national conventions in Chicago. With a mixture of humor, understanding and contempt, it shows just how the political machine functions on a national scale.

The authors of "More Merry-Go-Round," as craftsmen, attack the descriptive problem from much the same point of view as Mr. Mencken. It is true that he leaves unsaid many of the things they say and fails to enter fields which they make their own; but reading between the lines of his reports and theirs, one finds the same almost mystical disdain. All this lends point to a controversy now

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raging between Mr. Mencken and one of the "More Merry-Go-Round" authors.

Drew Pearson, Washington correspondent of The Baltimore Sun, covering the State Department, was dismissed shortly after the book appeared. Mr. Mencken rather shrilly insists that no censorship was involved. The Sun and Mr. Mencken assert that Mr. Pearson's usefulness to his employers was destroyed by his co-authorship of the book. Pressed further, they say that his newspaper work has lately been below par, although it is a matter of record that more of The Sun's editorials, during the past year, have been based upon Mr. Pearson's news reports than upon those of any other two Sun correspondents. The Sun says that he was often inaccurate, but I think it is safe to assume that his job was secure until the publication of "More Merry-Go-Round." This raises the question: What in the book was so deeply offensive to the Sun officials that they discharged a correspondent of outstanding ability?

"More Merry-Go-Round" has two aspects. One is its amazing wealth of information concerning public officials and the events, public and semi-public, in which they play a part or by which they are influenced. The second appears in those portions of the book retailing gossip about the private lives of individuals. The first aspect might, and certainly did, cause intense displeasure to the officials involved; it might also, and apparently did, make them endeavor to have Mr. Pearson dismissed. The Sun authorities declare that they responded to no such pressure. The implication is that with this part of the book there was no quarrel, nay, there was even satisfaction. That leaves the issue of private scandal.

There seem to me to be altogether too many gossip tales in the book—tales superfluous to an adequate picture—but for these one must not dismiss the book as valueless nor should they have caused one of the authors to lose his job. If the work was stripped of all such material (selling stuff, the publishers may say), cut down by about one hundred pages, it would stand as a hard-hitting, valuable exposure of much of the recent deviousness in Washington. The chapter on Secretary of War Patrick J. Hurley—"The Cotillion Leader"—is, except for one or two items, an admirable piece of portraiture; nor is this chapter malicious or unfair. One recalls Mr. Hurley's denial that he tried to get Mr. Pearson kicked out of his job, and his other denial on his "sacred word of honor" that soldiers set fire to the bonus hovel.

Despite certain inaccuracies, the chapter on the Supreme Court—"Nine Old Men"—is far and away the truest picture of how that body works, in terms of human relations, and of the qualities of its members, that has been published in answer to the very normal wonderings of us all. It surely is a legitimate matter to ask what personality dominates the court, whether there is wrangling among the judges in arriving at a decision, which judge usually handles which type of case, and so on.

Affronts to dignity and respectability? "More Merry-Go-Round" is, of course, full of them. But they scarcely equal the daily conversation of a group of Washington correspondents in the Senate press gallery. And why preserve dignity if it covers hokum or worse? One of the great services rendered by the depression is this spirit of rebellion against false dignity; and "More Merry-Go-Round" is a typical product of hard times. Its whole plan, starting with the first chapter—"Dance of the Depression"—is designed to make its readers see the national gallery while their minds are not deluded by the pursuit of pros-

perity or position. It shows the insincerity and hollowness of many in high station in the artificial capital of our nation, the manner in which they gain their eminence—in the Army, Navy or Diplomatic Corps—and the vanity of it all.

It is, in fact, a crusading book—quite as much so as the political tirade, "Why Hoover Faces Defeat," in which Robert S. Allen, one of the co-authors of the first "Merry-Go-Round," who lost his job with The Christian Science Monitor for that authorship, vents his feelings about the Great Engineer. The very fact that it is a crusading book may afford a clue to Mr. Mencken's heat about it. The authors, overstepping the bounds of effectiveness and, in spots, of decency in the heat of their writing, are calling attention to evils and mockeries of a system which they want changed quite as earnestly as Mr. Rowntree and Miss McCree want it changed. Mr. Mencken, on the contrary, tosses his harpoons largely for the joy of the exercise. One can always be more careful under such circumstances.

GARDNER JACKSON.

Mountebank's Calvary

Frank Harris, by Hugh Kingsmill. New York: Farrar and Rinehart. 252 pages. \$2.50.

THIS WORK adds further polish to the brass Bon-Amied with such assiduity by A. I. Tobin and Elmer Gertz in their book on the same subject published last year. Perhaps the most extraordinary feature brought out in these studies of Harris is the way the man had of fouling every nest he feathered. Time and again he exerted on a project enough energy, venality, sycophancy, lechery, treachery and other politic virtues to gain an earldom or even a kingdom; but invariably, and most likely when the intricate pattern of deception had been woven to its crucial point, what Pio Baroja calls the claw of the mountebank tore through the design, and shortly the weaver was in the street looking for piecework once more.

As the years passed Harris became progressively a worse judge of situation and distance, progressively a more chronic victim of chagrin. His responses grew terribly erratic. Retained as literary aid by an Englishwoman of some wealth, he seized upon certain of her private papers, absconded to America, and demanded a check for their return; his letter remained unanswered. He dispatched harrowing letters begging for funds, but obstructed sympathetic responses by living in expensive style and leaving his employees unpaid. To literary opinions with which he disagreed he replied with bellowings derived from Shakespeare, Arnold and whom-not, irrelevant to the points in question but derogatory to the character of the opposition. As, perhaps, his belief in his own merit dwindled, his vanity swelled until it was like a great formless polyp, tender, morbid, navel-fed; in time he became its instrument. And doubtless because such a crucifixion could not go un eased, he turned, without prospect of making a sale, to Christ, identifying himself with the Master. The writings of his last years are fractured by frequent laments, recriminations, roars of pain over the tragedy of himself. The most significant point in the reception of the "Autobiography" is not the attack on its obscenity or untruth but the fact that so many people of intelligence do not care whether it is obscene or untrue. Its unpertinence precludes their interest.

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Book Notes

BELLES LETTRES

THE GREAT CRITICS: An Anthology of Literary Criticism, edited by James Harry Smith and Edward Winfield Parks. New York: W. W. Norton and Company. 582 pages. \$4.75

Compiled by two members of the Vanderbilt University Department of English, this anthology of literary criticism seems addressed to both the general reader and the college student. The main section is devoted to those works 'which have formulated what might be called the English tradition,' from Aristotle's "Poetics" to Arnold's "Study of Poetry," though space is found in this section for such non-English writers as Lessing, Boileau, Ronsard, du Bellay, Scaliger, Horace and Longinus. Most of the works are reprinted in full, with brief biographical and historical introductions. There is also a supplement of squibs from famous critics who are otherwise not represented. No contemporary criticism appears. The collection offers several classics that have not been readily available, and has the distinct advantage of entering a field where anthologies are still needed. It seems to express, moreover, one of the more liberal phases of our academic life.

NEW HORIZONS IN AMERICAN LIFE, by John Jay Chapman. New York: Columbia University Press. 51 pages. \$1.50.

Though described as "New Horizons in American Life," the two essays on "Our Universities" and "Trends in Popular Thought" are better at examining the present than at opening the vistas of the future. Mr. Chapman is one of the last old-fashioned humanists left and he always argues eloquently for humanism (Erasmus's kind, not Irving Babbitt's). He is very good on "the startling transformation of our old, somnolent halls or shanties of learning into gigantic factories of business"; but the best that he can foresee for the future seems to be a sort of revival *in vacuo* of the old humanistic scholarship. We recommend to him Dr. George Counts's pamphlet, "Can the School Plan a New Social Order?" Similarly, in his discussion of the American world since the War, he sees hope in the fact that American bankers have achieved sufficient international vision to insist on a moratorium for Germany without, apparently, understanding the reactionary role they are cast to play in the struggle of capitalism against socialism. Like all of Dr. Chapman's prose, these essays are admirably written, and he has some excellent things to say about good writing in general:

It is no exaggeration to say that the life of good writing in every age depends upon conversation. The literary idiom is a sublimation of the spoken idiom; and unless speech is constantly kept alive by the free ebullitions of wit, opinion, whim, jest, by social explosion of idea—the literary idiom will grow muscle-bound and rheumatic. The English have never stopped talking since Chaucer's time. And the other Europeans are ready-tongued, vocal, imaginative people, whose very folklore and early dialects have been preserved by the ceaseless stream of talk on castle terraces and on village greens since Gothic times. But our democracy terrifies the individual, and our industrialism seals his lips. The punishment is very effective. It is simply this: "If you say such things as that, I won't play with you."

BIOGRAPHY AND MEMOIRS

ADVENTURES IN LIVING, by Muriel Jaeger. New York: William Morrow and Company. 224 pages. \$2.

This is a very exceptional book. Miss Jaeger has studied the five "coherent schemes of human behavior" that seem to her open to the Western man: "Let us adopt a strict code of morality and keep up a running fight against everything that conflicts with it; let us be completely altruistic; let us accept society as it stands, learn to manipulate it like an artist and be completely the civilized man; let us revert to primitive simplicity; let us trust our impulses of the moment and follow wherever they may lead." So in five biographical essays she has dealt respectively with Cato, St. Francis of Assisi, Lord Chesterfield, Thomas Day (a disciple of

Rousseau who adopted the "simple life") and George Sand. The emphasis in Miss Jaeger's criticism is always moral, but it is enlivened by wit and a distinctly literary flair; indeed there is more than a touch of Bloomsbury. She comes to her subjects with scholarship, wisdom, experience and, above all, with an acute hunger for moral adventure that, disappointed by the conditions of modern life, ends by placing her in opposition to most current modes of thought. As a result, she has been enabled to make a genuinely individual contribution.

I HAVE NO REGRETS: The Strange Life of a Diplomat-Vagrant, by Lieutenant Bringolf. *New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. 286 pages. \$3.50.*

The late Hans Bringolf was the kind of a man who could join any army as a private and in an amazingly short time become a commissioned officer. He had a genius for quickly reaching the top in most of his ventures, but he would then come tumbling down at the same mad speed. His career included a dozen careers: attaché of the Swiss Embassy, dishwasher, courtier of princesses, military hero and convict. Bringolf was a rogue in the great tradition of Casanova and Cagliostro, and his memoirs make gay reading, especially the passages dealing with his reckless youth.

NUR MAHAL, by Harold Lamb. *New York: Doubleday, Doran and Company. 325 pages, illustrated. \$2.50.*

Mr. Lamb tells the story of Nur Mahal (Light of the Palace), afterwards called Nur Jahan (Light of the World), and her (presumable) love of her emperor-husband, Jahangir, ruler of the Mogul Empire in India in the early seventeenth century. He insists that his story is based on historical data; but his portrait of an impetuous, modern-style liberated heroine does not fit in with the picture that history presents of a typical Oriental empress, victorious in palace intrigues and dominating a besotted and indolent emperor. The book might just as well have been called a novel, for its pattern is historical romance and its style melodramatic.

HISTORY

DEATH OF A FLEET: 1917-1919, by Paul Schubert and Langhorne Gibson. *New York: Coward-McCann. 278 pages. \$3.*

"Death of a Fleet" deals with the mutinies in the inactive German High Seas Fleet; the revolt that put the red flag at the masthead and established soviet governments in many North Sea ports; and finally with the sinking, by their own officers, of the interned ships at Scapa Flow. The authors are story-tellers rather than historians, lacking the political and historical grounding necessary for the best exposition of their valuable material. The style is florid and strained, as if from fear the reader might otherwise miss the dramatic qualities of the events. A social bias is expressed in rather small and annoying ways: the mutineers are "dirty," their leaders "ignorant," the movement itself "insanity," etc. The collaborators' acknowledgments are all addressed to admirals and other officers; none to sailor participants or leaders. A longer, soberer, more thorough study will be hoped for on this important subject.

THE STREAM OF TIME, by Mrs. C. S. Peel. *New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 265 pages. \$4.*

Mrs. Peel has woven about a slight frame of fiction a tissue of cultural material concerning English social and domestic life from 1805 to 1861. In addition to memoirs and diaries, she has made use of the almost forgotten domestic literature of the time, especially manuals of housekeeping and cookery, as well as personal reminiscences and correspondence, presumably of the Peel family. The book brings vividly to mind the change in the English scene from Trafalgar to Balaclava, from the complete indifference to the sufferings of workers, especially children, the obscurantism of religious, medical and educational practice, the subjection of women, the coarseness and cruelty of amusements, to the genuine, if limited, enlightenment, sympathy and emancipation of the Victorian Age. Mrs. Peel has a keen sense of social drama, but she makes errors of fact, such as attributing the torture of the would-be regicide Damiens to Louis XVI, and alluding to the author of "Home Sweet

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THE LEGACY OF ALEXANDER, by Max Cary. *New York: The Dial Press. 448 pages. \$4.*

This is the third in a series, The Dial Press History of the Greek and Roman World. The first volume, "Greece and Persia," was a history of the Greek World from 776 to 479 B.C.; the second, "Athens, Sparta and Macedonia," from 479 to 323 B.C. The present volume covers the period from 323 to 146 B.C. The chapters deal with the break-up of Alexander's empire, the establishment of a balance of power, the Farther East and the Syrian and Asian borders, Russia and the Baltic lands, the Greek homeland in various epochs, Asiatic Greece and Egypt in the second century, the Hellenistic cities, Hellenistic art in its diverse fields, Hellenistic science, philosophy, economic life and religion.

PHILOSOPHY

SOUTH AMERICAN MEDITATIONS: On Hell and Heaven in the Soul of Man, by Count Hermann Keyserling. *Translated in collaboration with the author, by Theresa Duerr. New York: Harper and Brothers. 420 pages. \$3.50.*

Count Keyserling describes South America as "The Continent of the Third Day of Creation." It awoke his "Minerality" and led him to recognize that "spiritualization's first demand is that man unify himself." Because Latin-American civilization is being built on firm emotional ground it will grow to European stature, whereas the United States will dwindle to Russian dwarfishness because we give precedence to the intellect. But the real thesis of all the twelve essays that make up this book is the author's egotism, which entered a new lease on life when he contracted in Bolivia a local illness called *puna* that started his mind working in every direction until it arrived at philosophic Fascism—"All hierarchy is of spiritual origin. . . . He who places the proletarian at the head of his scale of values merely reverses the normal order." Such is the latest wisdom from Darmstadt.

SCIENCE

THE INTERPRETATION OF THE ATOM, by Frederick Soddy. *New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 370 pages, illustrated. \$5.*

Few men are better equipped to tell the story of atomic physics than Frederick Soddy, Nobel laureate in chemistry and co-worker with Ernest—now Lord—Rutherford in many classical experiments on radioactivity. The present volume is based on his earlier work, "The Interpretation of Radium," of which it is a complete revision. With its conveniently arranged sections, tables and indices, it will satisfy the curiosity of the intelligent layman for many years to come. Quite a few specialists also will appreciate the material on isotopes (Soddy's own field), on radioactive disintegration, and the whole of Part II, dealing with "atomic chemistry" and its gradual merging with electro-physical interpretation. The author's ability to combine historical with technical knowledge in a clear expository style has seldom been so admirably displayed: if new and disturbing facts are continually coming in (as with the "cosmic ray" dispute between Millikan and Compton), Soddy is ready with a true scientist's caution, as when he warns "that so far there is absolutely no explanation of atomicity, either of electricity or matter." His book is a major contribution to the literature of modern physics.

KOSMOS, by Willem de Sitter. *Cambridge: Harvard University Press. 138 pages, illustrated. \$1.75.*

Current interest in theories of the universe is very ably met by this small but meaty volume, the work of a famous Dutch physicist whose own views have done much to advance our knowledge on this subject. First given as the Lowell Lectures last year, the material offers to the reader an excellent brief historical account of cosmogonic speculations from the time of Aristotle and Ptolemy to the present. De Sitter pays special attention to recent views which, beginning with the great work of

the Herschels, received powerful stimulus from the statistical researches of J. C. Kapteyn, and has been greatly advanced by the labors of Slipher, Shapley and other Americans. Little attempt is made to popularize the material, but the presentation is clear, accurate and quite within the range of the attentive student of contemporary physical science.

THE SOCIAL SCIENCES

REPORT OF THE GOLD DELEGATION, Financial Committee of the League of Nations. *Boston: World Peace Foundation. 83 pages. 60 cents.*

After analyzing the breakdown of the international monetary system, the distinguished members of the Financial Committee conclude that the road to world recovery lies in the direction of universal return to the gold standard. Their report, issued last June and discussed editorially in *The New Republic* of July 6, is now available in pamphlet form.

OUR WONDERLAND OF BUREAUCRACY, by James M. Beck. *New York: The Macmillan Company. 280 pages. \$3.*

Mr. Beck's book is an extended political tract. It cannot by any stretch of terminology be described as a scientific study of the technique of government in its bureaucratic aspects, for it is neither sufficiently dispassionate nor exhaustive, and the author frequently breaks out into rhetoric. Yet the book has merits, the most important being its forceful presentation of the case for a drastic reorganization of the system of bureaus which has grown up haphazardly, and the imperative need for some method of controlling the expenditures made necessary by their maintenance and growth. Even in these important aspects, Mr. Beck's case is weakened by the erratic nature of his judgment. He does not present any table of expenditures so that one can discover which bureaus are overdeveloped. Rather he denounces at random, and gives the impression that the vast increase in the cost of government during the last quarter-century is to be attributed to the various services recently established, like those having to do with health and foreign commerce and agriculture. This is far from being the case. The army and navy, and above all the care of veterans, are by far the most onerous charges, especially if one adds the debts which the wars brought in their train. And even if one ignores the fact that Mr. Beck distorts the matter of governmental costs and turns attention to the nature of the new services, it is difficult to sympathize with his tirades against the efforts of governmental agricultural experts to help out the farmers, of the Children's Bureau, of the Bureau of Education, of the acts in support of maternity work and for the support of work against venereal disease. The federal government spends relatively little on public welfare and it is hardly wisdom to embarrass its efforts. A really profitable study of our bureaucracy will be made by someone to whom socialism is not an epithet or individualism a shibboleth.

UNEMPLOYMENT INSURANCE IN BELGIUM, by Constance A. Kiehel. *New York: Industrial Relations Counselors, Inc. 509 pages. \$3.50.*

The definitive account of unemployment insurance is now appearing in the series being published by the Industrial Relations Counselors, a Rockefeller-endowed organization. This fourth volume, on the Belgian experience, maintains the standards of elaborate exposition, unstinted documentation, illuminating tables and bibliographical aids set by its predecessors. The Belgian unemployment-insurance scheme is unique in that it is based upon the voluntary systems established by the trade unions, which are subsidized by the communes and provinces and, since 1920, by the national government. The National Emergency Fund comes into action when the local machinery proves inadequate. The employers, except in some cases involving non-unionists, have nothing to do with the arrangements. For the United States the experiment in Belgium is significant chiefly because of the voluntary features—but some compulsion has already been introduced and more may follow.

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A Correction

In the issue of October 5 we published an article by Arnold Hoffman ("The Cross of Gold: 1932"). In the contributors' list, the facts about Mr. Hoffman were incorrectly stated. He is a mining engineer with offices in New York City, a graduate of Harvard, and has had wide experience in mining exploration, in the United States, Canada, various parts of Africa and in Russia.

Contributors

LEWIS MUMFORD, whose books and articles on art, literature and social science are well known to readers of The New Republic, recently returned from Europe, where he had been studying on a Guggenheim Fellowship.

NATHANIEL PEPPER, who was formerly correspondent of The New York Herald Tribune in China, is the author of several books, including "Educational Experiments in Industry," which Macmillan brought out last spring.

WALDO FRANK, whose most recent book is "Dawn in Russia," writes that he has gone into retirement to work on a new novel.

ARCHIBALD MACLEISH has published a number of books of poetry, the two most recent being "New Found Land" and "Conquistador," which appeared early this year.

HERMAN SIMPSON, formerly an editor of The New York Call, is a book reviewer for various periodicals.

R. L. BURGESS, who is at present free-lancing in New York City, was for nineteen years a newspaper man in California. He has published verse and prose in various magazines.

CUTHBERT WRIGHT, author of "The Story of the Catholic Church," is at present teaching English in St. Andrew's School in Tennessee.

ROBERT CANTWELL, whose novel "Laugh and Lie Down" appeared last spring, divides his time in New York City between book reviewing and writing his second novel.

CH'AO-TING CHI, who spent his early years on his grandfather's farm in the province of Shansi, later studied at Tsing Hua College and at the University of Chicago, from which he was graduated in 1926. He is now doing research work in the economic and social history of China.

EVAN SHIPMAN, writer of prose and verse, whose sketch, "Trotting Horses," appeared in The New Republic of September 14, has spent much of his time in France, but is at present in New Hampshire.

GERALD SYKES, besides contributing book reviews to various literary magazines, has been represented by fiction in the second and third "American Caravans."

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